

# “THE FULL PENALTY”

*(A Play in Three Acts)*

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BY

GARRITA B. NASH

AND

MAUD TARLETON WINCHESTER

NEW YORK

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## CHARACTERS

JULIAN TOWNSEND, a New York  
Banker

PHILIP TOWNSEND, his son

JUDGE RAND, of the Juvenile Court

TOM MASSEY, a professional baseball  
player

JAMES KENNEDY, Bailiff of the Juve-  
nile Court

DICK RYAN, Clerk of the Court

PAUL WHITE, a youthful financier

ANDREW JACKSON

SHORTY, a detective

AUGUSTE LEROUX, a detective

COURT STENOGRAPHER

MRS. JULIAN TOWNSEND

NATALIE CHAMBERS, engaged to  
Philip Townsend

JENNIE NOLAND

MRS. JOHN HAMILTON, of the Four  
Hundred

MAMIE BURKE

SUSAN BAKER

MARY AND PATRICK O'CONNELL

MARTHA, Mrs. Townsend's maid





## ACT ONE.

SCENE: *Library of the Townsends' residence.*

*A handsome room furnished in mahogany; deep bay window at rear; bookshelves either side of it; door R. 1 to drawing-room; door R. 2 to dining-room; door L. 1 to front hall. Open fireplace R. Above the mantel, an oil portrait of a fair haired boy of twelve. There is an air of elegance and culture about the room. The crimson curtains are drawn and several lamps are lit. Telephone on desk. Curtain rises on empty stage. In a moment telephone rings twice, briskly.*

*Martha enters L., takes up receiver.*

### MARTHA.

*(Grumbling)* Some of the Juvenile Court trash. *(Takes up receiver; speaks with asperity)* Hello? Yes, this is Mrs. Townsend's residence. Yes, you can speak to Mrs. Townsend. Just a moment. *(Puts down receiver and exits R. 2)*

*Mrs. Townsend enters dressed in a handsome evening gown, followed by Martha.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Just wait a minute, Martha, I want to speak to you.

*Martha crosses room and stirs the fire gently while her mistress is talking.*

MARTHA.

Yes'm.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(At telephone)* Well? Oh! *(Her voice changes to one of deep interest and relief)* Is this you, Jennie? I am so glad you called me up! Yes, Judge Rand is here now. Most anxious to see you; we both are,— Yes, yes, in about half an hour? That'll suit perfectly. Good-bye. *(Puts down receiver and turns to Martha)* Martha, did anyone call me up while I was out?

MARTHA.

*(Taking card out of her pocket)* Yes'm, I wrote 'em down. *(Looks at card)* That little Irish critter called up.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

What did she want?

MARTHA.

*(Dryly)* Said she was lonely.

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MRS. TOWNSEND.

Poor little thing.

MARTHA.

*(With asperity)* Said she didn't like domestic service.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Dear, dear!

MARTHA.

Pity they can't let you eat your dinner!  
Lonely! *(Sniffs)*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Walking towards the door remonstrating)*  
Now, Martha.

MARTHA.

Then that Andrew Jackson colored man rang up twice, said he in was awful trouble!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

He's probably been beating his boy again.  
*(At door)* Was that all?

MARTHA.

One other; she wouldn't leave her name.

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MRS. TOWNSEND.

Thank you, Martha. (*Exit R. 2*)

*Martha crosses to door L. As she does so, door bell rings.*

MARTHA.

(*Irritably*) Some more Juvenile Court Trash!  
*Exits, returns in a moment ushering in Mrs. Hamilton in evening dress, covered with a superb wrap; her hair elaborately dressed, and much bediamonded.*

MRS. HAMILTON.

I know she's at dinner, Martha. Don't disturb her. I just stopped for the Opera tickets. Didn't she leave them with you?

MARTHA.

No, Mrs. Hamilton.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Well, just ask her for them, please. I'll wait here. (*She crosses to fire*)

*Martha goes to door R. 2.*

MARTHA.

Yes, Mrs. Hamilton.

*Exit Martha. Mrs. Hamilton stands warming her foot and looking up at the portrait above the mantel. Enter Mrs. Townsend.*

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MRS. TOWNSEND.

My dear Harriet! I'm so sorry!

MRS. HAMILTON.

Why?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I meant to have sent the tickets over. I forgot all about it.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Oh, it was no trouble to stop. I sent the car on for the Frothinghams.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Looking in Secretary drawer)* Here they are. *(Hands tickets to Mrs. Hamilton)*

*Mrs. Hamilton takes them and drops them in her opera bag.*

MRS. HAMILTON.

You are sure you didn't want to use them?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh, no, I couldn't have gone to-night.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Why?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Jennie Nolan is coming here later to meet Judge Rand of the Juvenile Court.

## THE FULL PENALTY

MRS. HAMILTON.

(*Turning suddenly*) Elizabeth what is the Juvenile Court, what do you really do for these children?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Why, I thought everyone knew all about that! We protect them from cruel parents! Formerly mere boys and girls were sent to prison for very minor offences and herded in with criminals with all the degradation that means! Now they are either on probation, or sent to our detention bureau.

MRS. HAMILTON.

I see.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

But I am especially interested in the unfortunate girls who've been led astray, or ruined like Jennie Nolan.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Jennie Nolan?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, I thought I told you about her. I've been so absorbed in her case for months.

MRS. HAMILTON.

My dear, if it is a *case*, don't tell me about it.



## ACT ONE

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MRS. TOWNSEND.

But this one is unusually pathetic — You see —

MRS. HAMILTON.

(*Fingers in her ears*) My dear, I positively refuse to be harrowed up this evening. I want to enjoy myself. You're sure Mr. Townsend didn't want the tickets?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You know how Julian hates German opera.

MRS. HAMILTON.

(*Sitting in arm chair by fire*) You must go straight back to dinner.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I had quite finished.

MRS. HAMILTON.

But I insist.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I'd much rather not, really. I never eat sweets, and Julian is deep in politics with Judge Rand.

MRS. HAMILTON.

But Philip —

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh, Natalie Chambers in dining with us. Philip has no eyes for his mother. (*Sits on sofa and draws a big silk knitting bag on her lap, takes from it a loose soft woolen shawl or comforter and begins knitting as she talks*)

MRS. HAMILTON.

(*Indicating portrait over mantel*) What a wonderful portrait that is of Philip. The most extraordinary likeness I ever saw!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Leaning back and taking up from table a photo in a heavy silver frame, comparing with portrait*) Yes, the image of him even now!

*Hands it to Mrs. Hamilton, who looks at it a moment and then places it on a small table beside her chair.*

MRS. HAMILTON.

You would be pleased with the engagement?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

My dear, is a mother ever pleased with her *only child's* engagement?

MRS. HAMILTON.

But you've always said you wanted Philip to marry young.



MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Hesitates*) Yes, so I have.

MRS. HAMILTON.

And now you're so absorbed in this ridiculous Juvenile Court, always at the beck and call of criminals, delinquents, and all the riff-raff of the East Side, so that your friends see absolutely nothing of you, I don't suppose you'd have time to miss him!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Remonstratingly*) Now Harriet! (*With a change of tone*) I wasn't thinking of myself at all.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Well, certainly Natalie Chambers is stunning enough — even for Philip.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

My dear — she is very — stunning! That's just it! (*Resumes her knitting*)

MRS. HAMILTON.

(*Throwing back her wrap and fanning violently*) With her looks and her money she could have anybody!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I know she could — but you see, my son isn't anybody! He's my son. (*Fiercely*) My only

son, and I want him to have the very best that life can hold. (*Half under her breath*) I want him to have what I have missed.

MRS. HAMILTON.

The world considers you a pretty happy woman, my dear. At least it did, till you took up this ridiculous slumming business!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

This ridiculous business, as you call it, saved my life. (*Rises, going to the mantel-piece, leans on it looking down into the fire*) I never talk about the past, Harriet — even to you, though you knew all that happened at the time. You advised me to leave Julian — to divorce him, and take my child and go my way and in time be happy! Well, I didn't take your advice. Why? For a variety of reasons, but principally — principally for Philip's sake!

MRS. HAMILTON.

My dear, are you quite sure of that?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

What do you mean?

MRS. HAMILTON.

Don't you think perhaps, — way down in your heart, you dreaded the disgrace, the publicity, the

vulgarity of a public separation, or divorce — more than you realize?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

No, I was thinking of my boy. I wanted him to have a home — a mother *and* a father! No scandal and disgrace, no question of his parents' honor or dishonor, to handicap him in the race.

MRS. HAMILTON.

You were probably right.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Of *course* I was right! What difference did my own unhappiness make? It's the child that counts, first, last and all the time. What is best for the child in all such cases, is the *only* thing to be considered.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Very fine, my dear — but not practical for *all* of us. I want a little, just a little, happiness myself!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*I have* been happy — Not in the one way that most women consider the only way — perhaps.

MRS. HAMILTON.

(*Interrupting bluntly*) My dear, you've been in an impossible position. If you hadn't been an angel, you couldn't have stood it.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Harriet!

MRS. HAMILTON.

You know, I remember when David Rand first appeared on the scene. It was a pretty stiff fight you had to put up then!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

What do you mean?

MRS. HAMILTON.

I haven't forgotten. You *liked him*, my dear. You liked him so well, that when you sent him away and decided *not* to divorce Julian, but to remain all your life in that position of all others, the most impossible and unnatural, a wife only in name — you went to bed with something very like nervous prostration and you've never *looked* the same since.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I won't deny it! It was a pretty stiff fight! But I made it and I won. And I was right!

MRS. HAMILTON.

Perhaps!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

My dear. Can there be any question about it? Look at Philip. Whatever happens now, at

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least, he can never reproach me with having sought my own happiness at his expense.

MRS. HAMILTON.

No, not for *that*. (*Rising impulsively and laying her hand on Mrs. Townsend's arm*) But Elizabeth. (*Hesitates*) If I am going too far, just tell me so. I know it is not a subject that you even mention to anyone, but really, dear, don't you think that Julian is going a little too far? Is just a little too open with his affairs? That last one, you know, with the Bohemian dancer! *Town Topics* and the *Washington Mirror* both full of it. Can't you remonstrate with him?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Slowly and painfully with averted face*) Harriet. I have long since ceased to speak to Julian about anything that intimately concerns either himself or me! A woman in my position cannot dictate terms.

*Sound of laughter and voices outside of door*

R. 2.

(*With a change of voice, speaking naturally*) Here come the others; have you met Natalie?

MRS. HAMILTON.

No, I believe not.

*Enter Natalie Chambers and Philip Townsend.*



*The former, a tall, slender, dashing girl, about twenty-one, very handsomely and strikingly dressed though somewhat in the extreme of the fashion. Her manner is hard and indifferent, almost to insolence. Philip Townsend is a slender, rather delicate youth of twenty-four.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Natalie, this is my friend, Mrs. Hamilton. We were girls together, my dear.

*Natalie and Mrs. Hamilton shake hands.*

MRS. HAMILTON.

So glad to meet you, Miss Chambers. You know my young people, I believe.

NATALIE.

Yes, I do, Mrs. Hamilton.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Well, Philip.

PHILIP.

Mrs. Hamilton.

*They shake hands. Enter Kent with tray of coffee, puts it down on small table to left. Mrs. Townsend rises, crosses to it and begins pouring coffee, Kent passing cups.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Harriet.

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MRS. HAMILTON.

No, my dear, I had my coffee at home. I can't think what has become of my car.

PHILIP.

*(Looks at watch)* If you are going to the Opera, you'll be late.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Yes.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Two lumps, Natalie?

NATALIE.

If you please.

*Kent passes cup to Natalie.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Philip?

PHILIP.

No sugar, mother. *(Crosses to her and stands with hand on back of her chair)*

*She gives him his cup herself, then strokes his hand with a little loving gesture.*

You look tired, mother.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Brightly)* Do I, dear? Then I must rest up. You know my boast is, that I am never tired. Have the others had their coffee?

PHILIP.

No, I'll call them. (*Crosses to door R. 2*) They're so busy demolishing T. R., they've probably forgotten all about coffee. (*Opens door, calls*) I say, Dad, don't you and the Judge want any coffee?

TOWNSEND.

(*Outside*) Yes, we're coming.

MRS. HAMILTON.

I'm sure Walton must have had a puncture. (*Looks anxiously at clock*) Eight fifteen! And I do so love that first act of "The Walkure."

*Enter Julian Townsend and Judge Rand.*

*Townsend is a man of forty-eight, heavily built but quite handsome in a conventional way. Judge Rand is a man of about fifty or thereabouts, with a face of keen intelligence and power, and a kindly, genial manner.*

TOWNSEND.

(*Crossing to Mrs. Hamilton*) Well, Mrs. Hamilton, this is a pleasure! (*Shakes hands with her, with a boldly admiring glance. Shrugging his shoulders*) I don't see how you do it! By Jove, I don't!

MRS. HAMILTON.

Do what?



TOWNSEND.

The elixir of youth, I suppose. But I wish you'd disclose the secret.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Nonsense!

*Mrs. Townsend gives Judge Rand his coffee.*

*Philip and Natalie talking together.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Addressing her husband in a slightly constrained manner)* Will you have coffee, Julian?

TOWNSEND.

*(Without looking at his wife)* Yes.

*Kent passes his cup and exits. Townsend continues his conversation with Mrs. Hamilton in a low voice.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(To Judge Rand, who sits in chair beside her)*  
Jennie Nolan telephoned that she would be here in about half an hour.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Stirring his coffee)* Poor little soul!

PHILIP.

*(To Natalie)* Have a cigarette, Natalie?

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NATALIE.

Thanks. (*She lights and smokes in a thoroughly professional way*)

PHILIP.

(*Raising his voice and holding up box*)  
Cigarette, Mrs. Hamilton?

MRS. HAMILTON.

No, thanks. I haven't time.

NATALIE.

Perhaps your mother will, Philip.

PHILIP.

(*Laughing*) Fancy mother smoking! (*Returns to her side and draws his chair close to her*)

*There is the sound of an automobile horn.*

MRS. HAMILTON.

There's my car! (*Rises, pulling her wrap around her, Townsend assisting. To Townsend*) Thanks! (*To Mrs. Townsend*) Goodnight, my dear, thank you a thousand times for the tickets.

KENT.

Mrs. Hamilton's automobile.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Very well, Kent.

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MRS. HAMILTON.

(*To Natalie and Philip, who both rise*) Good night.

*There is a chorus of good-nights.*

TOWNSEND.

I'll put you in.

MRS. HAMILTON.

It's not necessary.

*Exits, followed by Townsend.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*To Judge Rand, who carries coffee cup over to tray*) Won't you have another cup?

JUDGE RAND.

No, thanks. That was delicious. Just what I wanted. (*Returns to his former seat*) I agree with Philip, you look tired.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Well, to tell the truth, I *am* a little tired.

JUDGE RAND.

You've been working too hard. And you take these girls' wretched affairs too deeply to heart. It won't do!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You're a good one to scold me for that.

JUDGE RAND.

You ought to have gone to the opera to-night. It would have done you good.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I shouldn't have heard a note of the music. I've been able to think of nothing but this poor child ever since she told me her story. Judge Rand, we *must* find that man, we *must*!

JUDGE RAND.

We will. Leroux is the best detective I know.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yet he's been able to report nothing.

JUDGE RAND.

Because she gave us no clue.

*Re-enter Townsend.*

TOWNSEND.

Well, Judge, how about a game of billiards?

JUDGE RAND.

(*Rising*) I'm no match for you.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Philip, you go and coach the Judge, I want to have a little talk with Natalie.

PHILIP.

(*Rises reluctantly*) Come on, Judge. I'm

some coach, I can tell you, even if Dad can wipe up the floor with me. .

*The three men exit R. 2.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Rises and crosses to sofa, to Natalie)* Come, sit here, Natalie.

*Natalie rises, tosses cigarette on tray on table; crosses to sofa.*

NATALIE.

*(Rather bored)* Was it anything special, Mrs. Townsend?

*Both sit, Mrs. Townsend takes two cushions and places them at Natalie's back.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

There, isn't that more comfortable? No — nothing special, only Philip monopolizes you so completely, dear, that I never have a word with you. I want to know you better. I want you to be just a little bit fond of me, my child.

NATALIE.

*(Unresponsively)* Oh! Mrs. Townsend!  
*(Hesitates)*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Well, out with it!

NATALIE.

*(Hesitates)* Well, you see we look at things

so differently and to tell the truth (*smiling*) I'm a little bit afraid of you!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Smiling also*) Dear me! How dreadfully unpleasant.

NATALIE.

You see — you're so serious. And I'm not a bit serious. I don't want to be! To tell the truth I rather enjoy being frivolous.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Patting Natalie's hand softly*) Of course you do, my child! What healthy minded young girl doesn't? I'm sure I used to, just as much as you, or anybody else.

NATALIE.

Really?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes.

NATALIE.

I never should have imagined it.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Nodding her head*) I haven't always been an old foggy, I assure you.

NATALIE.

Oh, I didn't mean that!



MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Suddenly serious*) But when one's heart and mind are full of the tragedy of other lives! Young lives, Natalie! Lives as young as yours! When one hears every day some pitiful story of ruin and despair and misery, not far away across the world, but right here at our doors, we lose all interest in the things that amused and interested us before!

NATALIE.

But one *can't* do any good!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*As though she had not heard*) You say, you enjoy being frivolous. *Of course* you do. It's natural and right. And these poor girls, I'm interested in, that's all they want, to be frivolous and silly perhaps, and to have a little fun. But what does it bring them to? Where do they find themselves if they give way to that impulse?

NATALIE.

(*Shrugs*) I don't suppose it's quite fair.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Fair! Natalie, the injustice of it fills me with such impotent rage, that I sometimes feel as though my heart would break!

NATALIE.

(*With half shrug*) Well, we can't do anything. It's always been so!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

There's a girl coming here to-night, a child of seventeen. A year ago she was as innocent and light hearted as you or any of your friends. Engaged to be married, and happy, though she did work ten hours a day in a laundry and just managed to keep body and soul together on what she made.

*Pause.*

NATALIE.

What happened?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

She made friends with a girl who roomed in the same house with her. She knew nothing about the girl; she seemed quiet enough. And one evening they went together to the theatre, just the two, but afterwards Jennie's friend was joined by two young men, well dressed, gentlemen, she thinks. Supper was proposed and she was persuaded to go. At supper a bottle of wine was opened. She remembers nothing more of that evening. When she woke, she was back in her little room and the sun was streaming in at her window.



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NATALIE.

But . . .

MRS. TOWNSEND.

In a few months she knew!

NATALIE.

(*Shrinking*) Oh, it *can't* be true!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I know it *is*! It was then that she came to me. She had lost her position in the laundry. She was ill, desperate. I sent her into the country till it was all over! But now what is to become of her child? What should be done to that man? With such questions as these clamoring in my brain, do you wonder that I cannot go to dinners, dances and luncheons? But I wish I could interest you in the poor child, Natalie, won't you go with me to see her to-morrow?

NATALIE.

Oh! I don't want to see her!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh, my dear! Do me this favor, dear. I won't stay long!

NATALIE.

(*Rising impatiently*) I loathe poverty! If those people would work, there wouldn't be any!

## THE FULL PENALTY

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh! Natalie! How little you know.

NATALIE.

And besides, if girls would behave themselves, they wouldn't go wrong! No decent man of my acquaintance would take advantage of an innocent girl! They may have their mistresses, but then — (*A slight pause*) What *can* be done to the man?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

The severest punishment our wretched laws permit is five years' imprisonment. That he *shall* get.

NATALIE.

*He* gets five years. And *she*, a life sentence!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Just so!

*Enter Philip.*

PHILIP.

Haven't you two had enough of each other?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Smiling*) I'll let you have her now.

PHILIP.

Then come and play to me, Natalie.

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MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, do, dear. We are pining for some music.

NATALIE.

(*Rising*) If you really want me to.

*She and Philip walk towards door R. 1. Mrs. Townsend crosses to door L.*

PHILIP.

(*To Natalie*) I got the score of "The Jewels."

NATALIE.

Good! I've been dying to try the Intermezzo.  
*They exit R. 1. Mrs. Townsend exits L. as Judge Rand enters R. 2, followed by Julian Townsend.*

JUDGE RAND.

Really, Townsend, my playing grows more and more hopeless! You see I never touch a cue except in this house.

TOWNSEND.

No! (*Looking him up and down*) You lead a musty, dusty life, Rand, and by Jove, you begin to look a little musty yourself.

JUDGE RAND.

I daresay! Now *you* keep pretty fit.

TOWNSEND.

*(Throwing himself into an arm chair, motioning to one facing him)* Yes, the devil loves his own, you know! *(Makes rings of smoke, watching them ascend, with half closed eyes)* You know I've always burned the candle at both ends for all I was worth, but there seems to be an inch or two left still.

*The piano can be heard, off.*

JUDGE RAND.

How well Miss Chambers plays.

TOWNSEND.

Yes, good looking too. However, these early marriages are a mistake.

JUDGE RAND.

I can't say I agree with you. When the two are suited to each other, it is the best thing that can happen.

TOWNSEND.

My dear Rand, the woman that suits us at nineteen, would bore us to death at twenty-five. And so on ad infinitum. Of course it's your business to ignore the scientific fact that man is by nature a polygamous animal — but it's true nevertheless, and it always will be.

JUDGE RAND.

(*Dryly*) This being the case why bother with marriage at all?

TOWNSEND.

You see as Society is constituted at present, it is a necessity — although a very disagreeable one. And according to my notions, it should be postponed to the later years of a man's life, say the fifties, when a man begins to yearn for his ain fireside — a bairn or two — not to speak of a legal heir!

JUDGE RAND.

(*Warmly*) And before this, he is to prey upon Society, a corrupting influence wherever he goes!

TOWNSEND.

(*Airily*) Before this, he is to wander over the sands of Pleasure — and live! live! my dear Judge, for all he is worth!

JUDGE RAND.

Finding his victims wherever he can!

TOWNSEND.

My poor Rand, your Puritan Grandfather speaks again in you.

JUDGE RAND.

And have you preached your doctrines to Philip?

TOWNSEND.

Oh, Philip and I understand each other. After all, we are very much alike. You can imagine how maddening it is to be compelled to sit by and see him make the same mistake that I made myself at his age.

JUDGE RAND.

Which is?

TOWNSEND.

Marriage!

*Enter Mrs. Townsend. Townsend rises.*

Sit here, Elizabeth. I think I'll go and knock the balls about for a while.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Crossing to desk)* Thanks, I have a memorandum to make. *(Sits at desk and begins to write)*

TOWNSEND.

Join me when you feel like it, Rand. *(Exit)*  
*Judge Rand crosses and stands by desk.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Looking up from her writing)* I was jotting



down the questions we want to ask Jennie. First we want as good a description as we can get of that man.

JUDGE RAND.

Yes.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

His coloring, size, voice; also of his companion; the name of the girl or the assumed name. As good a guess as she can make of that so-called restaurant, and whether she recognized anyone there.

JUDGE RAND.

The appearance and manner of the proprietor, and whether the guests seemed well behaved, or if there was any disorder.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Writes, then rises and crosses to chair beside his)* Judge Rand, what sentence are you going to give this man?

JUDGE RAND.

My dear Mrs. Townsend, I can't discuss that matter even with you!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Remember there are no extenuating circumstances to be considered. Every other time, the

man has managed to take advantage of some technicality. That mustn't happen this time.

JUDGE RAND.

I think you can rely on me to interpret the law according to my deepest conviction.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

The law is miserably inadequate, it should be twenty years instead of five! I hope the man will get the full penalty.

*Bell rings. Martha enters.*

MARTHA.

Jennie Nolan, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Show her in, Martha.

*Martha exits.*

JUDGE RAND.

Shall I leave you to receive her?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, I will call you.

*Judge Rand crosses to door R. 1 and exits.*

*Mrs. Townsend pulls a comfortable chair close to the fire; then crosses to coffee tray, feels coffee pot, shakes her head to find it cold. Enter Martha ushering in Jennie Nolan. The latter is an extremely pretty*



*girl with an appealing, pathetic manner; she is becomingly but plainly dressed, looks about as though frightened. Mrs. Townsend advances to greet her with outstretched hands. Martha lingers by the door, trying to look disapproving, but furtively touched all the same.*

Dear child, I'm so glad to see you. (*Taking her hand in both of her own*) You are cold; come right over by the fire, and Martha. (*Turns to Martha*)

MARTHA.

Yes'm.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Bring some hot coffee.

JENNIE.

Oh no, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Firmly to Martha*) Some hot coffee and some sandwiches right away.

MARTHA.

(*Takes up coffee pot from tray*) Yes, Mum.  
(*Exit*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Now, my dear, sit down here. (*Indicating*

*chair by fire and drawing her own close)* I had no idea it was so cold.

JENNIE.

Oh! it's bitter.

*The piano in the next room begins this moment;  
Jennie starts and looks toward it.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Do you like music, Jennie?

JENNIE.

Yes'm, I love it. I used to play the melodeon once myself a little bit.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You did?

JENNIE.

Yes'm; I used to sing hymns home evenings, sometimes. (*Looks around and speaking with a sudden change of tone and intensity*) Mrs. Townsend, I want to tell you something before Judge Rand comes in.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Well?

JENNIE.

I'm not going to give up my baby; I've made up my mind to that! I don't care what comes, I'm not going to give her up.

## ACT ONE

41

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Leaning forward impulsively and taking her hand*) Why, Jennie?

JENNIE.

(*Obstinately*) Because I'm not.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

But you told me that you couldn't keep her; that you wanted to go away somewhere, where no one would know, and start over again, and you couldn't support a child.

JENNIE.

Yes'm, I know I did, but that was *before* she came! Before I nursed her. (*Leaning forward with a sudden radiant smile and stretching out her arms*) Every day she creeps closer and closer into my heart! (*Her arms drop by her side and the smile fades*) If you take her away, I'll kill myself,—that's all.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Tenderly*) My child, do you suppose I want you to give her up? Don't you think I understand? Why, Jennie, I am a mother myself. My son is more precious to me than anything and everything in the world.

JENNIE.

I didn't know you had any children, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Just one son, Jennie. I lost a little girl years ago. That's why I love *all* girls so much. And now my son is all I've got. If anything happened to him —

JENNIE.

Oh nothing ever will, with you to look out for him. Nothing could!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Taking her hand*) I'll see that you keep your baby, dear.

JENNIE.

(*Doubtfully*) It doesn't seem as if I could take care of her, but I guess I'll find a way. I — got to, somehow.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Very gently*) But your sweetheart, Jennie? The man you're engaged to?

JENNIE.

(*With a half sob*) The man I *was* engaged to, Mrs. Townsend. I guess it's all up with Tom.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Have you seen him?

JENNIE.

No, he's still away; but he hasn't written me a word for two months.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

And you think —

JENNIE.

*(With bitterness)* I know some kind friend has put him wise. And he hasn't any use for me any more. Anyway, I won't give up my baby, not even for him!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

No, dear.

*The piano again sounds out, playing a lullaby.*

JENNIE.

*(Looking towards it)* My, isn't that pretty though? Sounds so peaceful and happy! *(Listens for a moment)*

*Enter Martha bringing pot of steaming coffee and sandwiches. Mrs. Townsend pours a cup and brings it to her. Exit Martha. Jennie leans back in her chair, her head relaxes, as though very tired.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(As she pours coffee)* Tired, dear?

JENNIE.

*(With a laugh which ends with a sob)* Tired! I'm about all in! After my work was over, I tramped it way out to the hospital to see the kid. I couldn't have gone to bed without seeing her. *(Leaning forward eagerly)* She was awake, eyes wide open, suckin' her thumb. And she knew me! That's straight, Mrs. Townsend, she knew me, and smiled.

*Mrs. Townsend brings coffee to her. She starts to rise but Mrs. Townsend motions her back into the chair.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I'm sure she did, Jennie.

JENNIE.

*(Taking coffee and sipping it and eating sandwiches as though very hungry. After a mouthful or two with an apologetic laugh)* Tastes kind of heavenly, these sandwiches.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Are you hungry, dear?

JENNIE.

I didn't know I was before.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Rising and putting plate of sandwiches on table beside her)* Take your time and eat all



# ACT ONE

45

you want; I'll go and tell Judge Rand you're here.

(*At door*) You'll tell him everything you can, won't you, dear?

JENNIE.

If you want me to, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I do, my dear, we want to find that man. And we want to give him the *full* penalty for his crime. He *must* be made an example.

JENNIE.

Yes'm.

*Exit Mrs. Townsend. Jennie drinks her coffee listening to the piano; evidently soothed by the warmth and comfort, her position relaxes. She stretches out her hand to take another sandwich, and at that moment her eye falls upon the photo of Philip Townsend standing on table. She starts violently, almost dropping her plate. Seizes photo and looks at it. Then at portrait over mantel, stares at both in great agitation, then lays photo down, rises, seizes her muff and gloves on chair and starts towards door L. At that moment, door R. 2 opens and Philip Townsend comes in, a few laughing words back over his shoulder.*

PHILIP.

I know I have the book somewhere. Just a minute, Natalie.

*Jennie stops in consternation between the portières. Philip gets well into room before he sees her. When he does so he starts violently with a smothered oath.*

PHILIP.

You! (*Looks toward door as though frightened*)

JENNIE.

My God!

PHILIP.

What are you doing here?

JENNIE.

(*Huskily*) Your mother — helping me.

PHILIP.

(*Seizing her roughly*) It's blackmail! You came to blackmail my mother.

JENNIE.

No! No!

PHILIP.

You have no proofs. It's *your* word against *mine*.

JENNIE.

What d'you mean?

PHILIP.

*Your* word against mine, remember.

JENNIE.

I didn't know you were *her* son. I didn't know *who* you were! You said your name was Holden. Jim Holden.

PHILIP.

Then what are you doing here?

JENNIE.

Your mother's been helping me and my baby; I've been sick.

PHILIP.

(*Raising his hand*) I thought so, you can't put up that old gag on me!

JENNIE.

(*Shrinking*) Oh!

PHILIP.

I've been abroad for six months. Before I went, I found you had disappeared. But I don't know what you've been up to all this time. You can't prove that's my child.

JENNIE.

(*With indignation*) I don't want to prove it.

I never dreamed its father was *her* son. Do you s'pose I'd been here if I'd known that? Do you s'pose I want to break her heart, when she's been my friend straight through? I'd die first. That's why I was going, I was going to go soon as I saw that photograph. 'Tain't for *your* sake! Honest to Gawd, I don't care what comes to you! Nothing this side of *Hell* ain't too bad for you. (*With a bitter laugh*) To think an angel like *that* has got *you* for a son! *That's* what beats me!

PHILIP.

If you'll go without a word to her and hold your tongue, I'll pay you five hundred dollars! I'll bring it to you to-morrow.

JENNIE.

(*Fiercely*) Keep your money! I'd starve before I'd touch a cent of it! I don't want a bribe to hold my tongue when speaking would break *her* heart. I'll keep quiet all right, but not for *your* sake or your dirty money! But for her.

PHILIP.

Hush! She's coming.

*He picks up a book at random from table and turns to door R. 2. R. 1 opens, and Mrs. Townsend enters, followed by Judge Rand.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Stopping surprised)* Why, Philip!

PHILIP.

*(Confused)* Natalie wanted this book of poems. She's waiting for it. *(Exit)*

*Jennie stands, drawing on her gloves, seems embarrassed and uneasy.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

This is Judge Rand, Jennie. Don't you remember him?

JENNIE.

Yes'm.

JUDGE RAND.

Good evening, Jennie.

JENNIE.

Good evening, your Honor.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Come sit down here, dear. Don't put on your gloves.

JENNIE.

I, I, thought p'raps I'd better go. *(Takes step to door)*

JUDGE RAND.

No, my child, I want to speak to you. Mrs. Townsend tells me that now you are ready to give us *full* particulars.

JENNIE.

I promised, Sir, I know I did; but I can't now; I'm sick. Mrs. Townsend, I feel faint and shaky, all of a sudden! I must go.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Crossing to her)* Poor child! Sit down here a moment. *(Pushes her into an arm chair. To Judge)* Perhaps a drop of brandy.

JENNIE.

*(In excitement)* No, no, nothing! I'll be all right. *(Looking around)* Only, only I'd better be going.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Rather sternly)* My dear, you can't treat Judge Rand this way. His time is very valuable and he's given up his evening to you because you promised to help him in this matter, which we both have deeply at heart.

JENNIE.

Yes'm, I know.

JUDGE RAND.

You promised to describe this man to me.

JENNIE.

Yes, but — it seems as if I can't exactly remember him, now.



JUDGE RAND.

You can remember whether he was tall or short, blonde or dark.

JENNIE.

*(After a moment's hesitation speaks glibly enough)* He was short and stoutish with a dark beard.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Astonished)* Why, Jennie, I thought you told me he was blonde, very blonde?

JENNIE.

*(Excited)* Oh, no, I couldn't have said that, Mrs. Townsend. You must be mistaken. He was real dark. He had a queer kind of accent. I don't know what kind, but queer.

*Judge Rand writes description in note book.*

JUDGE RAND.

And you don't know what street the restaurant was on, nor what it looked like?

JENNIE.

'Twas on a corner and there was a side door. And the men had to stoop to go in.

*Judge Rand shrugs his shoulders and exchanges a glance with Mrs. Townsend.*

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Mrs. Townsend*) There are several hundred places in New York that would answer to that description.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

How large was the room you had supper in?

JENNIE.

Oh, that was little, just big enough for the four of us. And they had hot roast duck and hominy and gravy, plenty of it! I remember that. (*With an apologetic laugh that ends tremulously*) I was so awful hungry.

JUDGE RAND.

How about the girl who was with you? Where is she?

JENNIE.

For about a week afterwards, I saw her every day, but I didn't speak to her, and then she went away somewheres. I don't know where.

JUDGE RAND.

And you've never seen her since?

JENNIE.

No, Sir! (*Glances furtively towards door R. I as a crashing chord is played on the piano*) I've got to go. It's getting late.

JUDGE RAND.

And you can tell me nothing more, Jennie?

JENNIE.

No, nothing. (*Moves towards door as though anxious to escape*)

*At this moment door R. 2 opens, and Natalie comes in, followed by Philip, who evidently remonstrates with her.*

NATALIE.

Sorry, Philip, but I really must. (*To Mrs. Townsend*) I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Townsend, but I promised mother to be back at nine.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

That's all right, my dear, good-night. (*Holds out her hand and kisses Natalie affectionately*)

*Jennie seems to shrink into herself, presses back against the wall, staring at Natalie in wondering admiration.*

NATALIE.

Good-night, Judge Rand.

JUDGE RAND.

Good-night, Miss Chambers.

*Exit Natalie, followed by Philip. As the latter goes out his mother speaks to him.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Will you be back soon, Philip?

PHILIP.

*(Stopping on threshold)* In a few moments,  
mother. *(Exit)*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Then, Jennie, if that is all you can tell the  
judge, we won't keep you any longer.

JENNIE.

Good night, Mrs. Townsend.

*Mrs. Townsend rings for Martha. Martha  
enters.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Good night, my dear. I'll see you to-morrow  
possibly.

JENNIE.

Thank you. Good night, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Good night.

*Exit Jennie, followed by Martha.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Poor little soul. *(Sighs)*

JUDGE RAND.

Did you see how she stared with all her eyes  
at Miss Chambers — at her gown and her jew-  
els?

## ACT ONE

55

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, I saw.

JUDGE RAND.

And yet, Jennie Nolan is quite as beautiful as Natalie Chambers!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*Quite* as beautiful? *More* beautiful, and with a deeper nature, a warmer heart!

JUDGE RAND.

Then, you are not pleased with the engagement? I wasn't sure.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I shouldn't say that. I dare say it would be impossible to find a wife for Philip, that would fully satisfy his mother.

JUDGE RAND.

How you worship that boy!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

He's all I have. (*Pause*) Do you remember you once predicted I would live to regret my decision? You were mistaken, dear friend. I've never ceased to be thankful that I decided as I did.

JUDGE RAND.

Wait, the end hasn't come yet.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

With Philip happily married, I feel that my responsibility is over.

JUDGE RAND.

Possibly — but . . .

*Enter Julian Townsend.*

TOWNSEND.

Well, have you two finished meddling in the affairs of people less fortunate than yourselves?

JUDGE RAND.

Is that the way you put it, Townsend?

TOWNSEND.

*(Standing in front of fireplace)* Yes, that's *just* the way to put it. Fancy how infuriating it would be to be hectored and questioned and bullied the way you hector these poor creatures! Suppose anyone deprived *me* of my right to get drunk, when and where I pleased, and hauled me up into court for making a pretty speech or two, to my neighbor's wife? Strikes me, you're tampering with the Constitution and Individual Liberty!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Drily)* So many of our clients think.

TOWNSEND.

Where's Philip?



## ACT ONE

57

MRS. TOWNSEND.

He took Natalie home; said he'd be right back.

TOWNSEND.

Shall you stop at the Club, Judge?

JUDGE RAND.

No, I have some work to do at home. That reminds me I must be off, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh, must you go? I'm sorry.

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Townsend*) Good night, Townsend.

TOWNSEND.

Good night, Judge.

*Judge Rand shakes hands with Mrs. Townsend.*

JUDGE RAND.

Remember, you promised to take the rest.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I will; good night.

*Exit Judge Rand, followed by Townsend.*

*Mrs. Townsend crosses to desk, picks up a book and a magazine, starts to door R. I when Townsend returns.*

When Philip comes, please, tell him to come and bid me good night.

TOWNSEND.

I'm going to the Club. You'd better leave word with Kent.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh, very well. (*Exit*)

*Townsend crosses and exits door R. 1. Returns in a moment with a box of cigars; opens it and takes out three or four, thrusts them into his pocket, and goes to door L just as the portières open, and Philip comes in. He is evidently anxious and excited.*

PHILIP.

Where's mother?

TOWNSEND.

She's gone up to her room, wants to see you.

PHILIP.

Did she say so?

TOWNSEND.

Wants to bid you good night. What's the matter, Phil?

PHILIP.

Dad, I'm in the devil of a mess!

TOWNSEND.

What do you mean — money?

ACT ONE

59

PHILIP.

No.

TOWNSEND.

A woman?

PHILIP.

(*Throwing himself into an arm chair*) A rotten mess!

TOWNSEND.

(*Drawing a cigar from his pocket which he handles idly*) Well, my boy, perhaps I can help you out. I've been in a few tangles myself, first and last.

PHILIP.

Nothing like this!

TOWNSEND.

Oh, I don't know. There's probably a way out of it.

PHILIP.

There's no way out of it that I can see. Who would ever believe that mother would stumble on her of all the girls in this great city of New York!

TOWNSEND.

You mean to say —

PHILIP.

I knew that mother and Judge Rand were deep in some damn case, but I never guessed!

TOWNSEND.

What?

PHILIP.

*I'm* the man they're after, and there's nothing to prevent their learning the truth, except the word of that girl.

TOWNSEND.

The girl that was here to-night?

PHILIP.

Yes.

TOWNSEND.

The *devil* you say!

PHILIP.

Guess I'd better clear out. Go back to Paris for a while.

TOWNSEND.

Ph, no, that won't do. Never run in a case like this; it's fatal. Just leave it to me.

PHILIP.

What will you do?

TOWNSEND.

Well, I never yet saw a hole so deep that money couldn't get you out of it.

PHILIP.

I offered her money.

## ACT ONE

61

TOWNSEND.

How much?

PHILIP.

Five hundred dollars.

TOWNSEND.

Pretty liberal! But nowhere *near* enough. These girls are shrewd, you know, and they're quick at mental arithmetic. It doesn't take them long to grasp the fact, that five hundred dollars won't keep them going many months. No, my boy, we'll bribe this young lady to vamoose, to pick up her duds and vanish, bag and baggage for good and all. And to do that, you've got to talk in thousands!

PHILIP.

But, Dad; she does not seem to be like the others.

TOWNSEND.

Tut, tut, tut! If Judge Rand got her in Court, on the stand, he'd worm anything out of her, no matter what. You leave her to me. Have you got her address?

PHILIP.

No, but mother had.

TOWNSEND.

Much good that does me; I couldn't very well ask your mother for it.

PHILIP.

(*Crossing to desk*) She puts all her addresses in this little notebook. (*Opens and runs down the pages*) L. M. N. . . . Here is it, Jennie Nolan, 8 Matthews Court.

TOWNSEND.

(*Writes in notebook*) Jennie Nolan, 8 Matthews Court. You leave it to me. I'll report to-morrow night.

PHILIP.

Dad, you're a trump.

TOWNSEND.

Glad to help you, my boy, but I say, Philip, on general principles, just as an older man, you know, I'd steer clear of these common little factory and shop girls. They strike me as being (*with an apologetic laugh*) as being rather cheap and nasty! Somewhat, if you'll pardon the old anecdote, like taking a ham sandwich to a banquet! It isn't necessary, you know! There are plenty of others; the woods are full of them.



ACT ONE

63

PHILIP.

Oh, I know, I was a fool. I had been drinking.  
*You know.*

TOWNSEND.

I'm thinking of running over to Paris in April,  
you might go along.

PHILIP.

*(Hesitates)* Well, you see there's Natalie.

TOWNSEND.

*(Laughs)* That's true. I had forgotten your  
engagement! To be married in June! How  
stupid I am. Well, the following April per-  
haps! *(Pause)* Better go to your mother.  
She'll be waiting up for you.

PHILIP.

Lord! Poor mother! I wouldn't have her  
find out for the world.

TOWNSEND.

She shan't!

PHILIP.

*(Seizing his hand)* Good night, father.  
Thank you.

TOWNSEND.

That's all right, my boy. Go to your mother.  
*Exit Townsend. As Philip walks slowly to-*

*wards door R. 1, Mrs. Townsend appears in it. She has changed to a loose, soft white matinée.*

PHILIP.

Why, Mother, what is it?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I heard your voice, Phil. I was afraid you might go out again without coming up to see me.

PHILIP.

*(A trifle uneasily)* Why, mother, what is it? Was it anything special you wanted to see me about?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(She takes his hands and draws him to her, looking searchingly into his face)* Are you very happy?

PHILIP.

Why yes, of course I am! Why do you ask?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Natalie. *(Hesitates)*

PHILIP.

She's some queen, isn't she, mother?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

She's a beautiful girl — and I believe she will grow into a splendid woman. *(Earnestly)* I hope you are going to make her happy, dear.

PHILIP.

Well, I'm going to make a pretty good try!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Philip, there are so many things that a mother longs to say to her son on the eve of his marriage. And somehow her tongue is tied.

PHILIP.

Dear old mother!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

We've always been so much to each other, you and I. Lately of course it's been different. What with school, and college and these last six months in Europe, you've drifted away from me. But it's hard to realize you're no longer my little boy.

PHILIP.

Mother!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Do you realize, I wonder, what it means to take a young life like Natalie's into your keeping!

PHILIP.

(*Impatiently*) Now — mother dear, we're not going to be so awfully solemn about it, you know. We're just going to jolly along like dozens of other couples.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I think you know what I mean, dear.

PHILIP.

*(Turning away from her)* Natalie and I understand each other all right. Don't you worry, mother. You look tired. Kiss me good night and go upstairs and right to sleep.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, dear. Good night. *(Drawing him to her and kissing him on forehead)* And God bless you!

*He kisses her silently. She goes to door.*

*(At door)* Are you going out again?

PHILIP.

No, I'll read awhile!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Don't stay up too late, dear. *(Exit)*

*Philip throws himself in arm chair, hands in his pockets and stares into the fire and shakes head. Sighs deeply.*

*After a moment the curtain falls.*

## ACT TWO.

SCENE: *Jennie Nolan's room in an East Side rooming house. The room is cheaply furnished and small, but it is in order and has two windows.*

*As curtain rises, a key is heard in door and Jennie enters; she is dressed as in Act I. She crosses to centre table, lays muff on it, takes off hat and puts it in wardrobe with her coat; crosses to bureau and pushes up her hair in front of glass; as she does so she catches sight of a photo standing there, picks it up and kisses it and carries it over to table, puts it on table and sits before it, staring at it.*

Oh, Tom! Tom! For God's sake, why don't

JENNIE.

you write to me? (*Buries her face in her arms and cries; there is a tap at the door, she looks over towards it, drying her eyes*)

*The knock is repeated.*

Come!

*The door opens a little way and Mamie Burke speaks.*

MAMIE.

You there, Jen.

JENNIE.

Yes.

MAMIE.

(*Pushing the door farther open*) Can I come in and set with you'se a while?

*Jennie doesn't answer.*

I'm awful lonesome.

JENNIE.

Come in, Mame.

*Mamie enters. She is younger than Jennie, doesn't look over fifteen but is very pretty in a fair, childish way and is evidently dressed in her best clothes. Jennie rises and pulls a low rocking chair over, nearer her own seat.*

MAMIE.

Oh, thanks, I'm tired of settin'. Been in my room most all day by myself. It's been the longest Sunday I ever knowed.

JENNIE.

What are you all dressed up for?

MAMIE.

Just tryin' 'em on. Never gets a chanst to wear nothin' nowadays!



## ACT TWO

69

JENNIE.

*(Half under her breath)* Poor little Mame!

MAMIE.

*(Moves around room. Looks at herself in the glass; examines the few unframed colored pictures pinned on the wall)* Gee! but I'd like a little fun — sometimes — wouldn't you, Jennie?

JENNIE.

*(Sadly)* I don't know.

MAMIE.

Aw, course yer would! Who wouldn't? *(With a sudden change of tone, sullenly)* I tell you what 'tis! This bein' straight ain't all it's cracked up to be!

JENNIE.

What do you mean?

MAMIE.

*(Laughing rather bitterly)* Oh, don't cher go lookin' so scared! I ain't done nothin'! I'm gettin' tired of never havin' no fun, like the other girls do! I tell yer, Jennie, life on six dollars a week ain't life at all! It's Hell!

JENNIE.

Mame!

MAMIE.

(*With half hysterical excitement*) Wot do we get out of it, anyway, we straight ones? Oh, we go to the *Goils' Friendly* onct a week and works worsted Samplers and plays fool games, and tries to look all to the merry, when we're plum bored to death! But yer can take it from me, I've gone there for the *last* time!

JENNIE.

Listen, Mame!

MAMIE.

There's a feller I know.

JENNIE.

I thought so! Some man's been talking to you.

MAMIE.

(*Laughing*) Sure, he has! He says I'm a fool to be starvin' to death and wearin' clothes like these. He says with my face and figur' I can have all I want for the askin'.

JENNIE.

(*With a bitter sneer*) For the asking! Don't forget the price, girl — you've got to pay that!

MAMIE.

You'se always sayin' that an honest life an' no fun's better than a speckled repitation and wot

goes 'long with it! Well, I say I've tried the honest life on six per — and I knows! A speckled repitation and a little of what I call livin' for mine!

JENNIE.

Mame! Where'd you get all these ideas? I never heard you talk like this before.

MAMIE.

Oh, there's a goil down to the store —

JENNIE.

For God's sake, don't listen to those girls.

MAMIE.

*She* don't wear no \$2.50 shoes and a Siegel-Cooper suit for \$7.98. She goes to the theayter whenever she wants to, sets in the parquet, too.

JENNIE.

Mamie! Mamie! You don't know what you're talking about, girl. You're lonesome and desperate, and I don't wonder! Life on six dollars a week isn't any merry-go-round, that's right — but it's better than the other thing, Mame, a heap better! My, I wish you knew Mrs. Townsend, and could hear her talk. I'll bring her to see you. See if I don't!

MAMIE.

I don't want no sermons from Mrs. Townsend

or any of yer rich swells! What do they keer about us? Gee! If I could lie in bed all day and read novels and ride around the Park all the afternoon in my automobubble and go to the opery every night, do you s'pose I'd have any kick comin' either? So long. I'm goin'.

JENNIE.

Where you going, Mame?

MAMIE.

I just said I'd take a walk with him.

JENNIE.

(*Rising*) You're not going to walk with a man you don't know?

MAMIE.

Sure I am!

JENNIE.

No. You're not! Didn't I tell you about me? Haven't I told you a girl can't do those kind of things. Not girls like you and me!

MAMIE.

(*Sullenly*) I don't care, I gotta do somethin'.

JENNIE.

Wait, Mamie, Mrs. Townsend said mebbe she'd come down to-day!

## ACT TWO

73

MAMIE.

(*Bitterly*) Mrs. Townsend! No, Jennie! You lemme go! There ain't no harm in a walk anyway, and he said sump'm about supper.

JENNIE.

(*Stepping between her and the door*) I thought so! You *shan't* go. I'm not going to let you! Listen to me, Mame! (*Seizing her hand*)  
*There is a knock at the door.*

MAMIE.

Who's there?

JENNIE.

Mebbe it's Mrs. Townsend! Just wait a minute, Mame.

*Mamie walks over to window and stands by it. Jennie opens door. Susan Baker stands on threshold; she is older than either of the girls and looks years older. Is very thin and her face drawn and pale. Jennie draws back in horrified amazement.*

You!

*Susan cannot answer. She is shaken by a paroxysm of coughing.*

What do you want? (*Sternly*) How d' you dare come here?

*Susan makes a helpless gesture; tries to speak, but chokes instead.*

*(As though in spite of her anger and resentment, she pities her)* You look awfully bad! You been sick?

SUSAN.

*(With difficulty)* I want to speak to yer. Can I come in?

*Jennie steps aside and Susan sinks into rocking chair; falls forward across table, her face horrified amazement.*

MAMIE.

*(Coming forward timidly)* Gee! She's fainted, Jennie! Who is she?

JENNIE.

She's the girl I told you about! The girl that was with me that night! God! I hope the curses I've spoke against her, and the hate I felt for her, haven't brought her to this.

SUSAN.

*(Stirs faintly, and sits up pressing her handkerchief to her eyes with a deep sigh)* I been sick. I was terrible bad last month an' I gotta go to the hospital again to-morrer! But I couldn't go till I'd seen you and asked yer to forgive me!

JENNIE.

Forgive you.



SUSAN.

Yes, I never knowed what had happened to yer till last week! I've been tryin' to git here ever since! That was a dirty trick I done yer!

JENNIE.

God! It *sure was*!

SUSAN.

I never played a trick like that on a goil that was straight before — and I knowed yer was different from me, of course I did!

JENNIE.

Then why —

SUSAN.

Honest to Gawd, I never dreamed what was goin' to happen when I asked yer to go! But that rich guy gave me twenty-five dollars and — and — I didn't dare refuse it.

JENNIE.

Why?

SUSAN.

(*With a helpless shrug of her shoulder*)  
'Cause o' Dick. Oh, of course yer don't understand! Yer couldn't.

JENNIE.

Who's Dick?

SUSAN.

He's the man I works for! The man who gets all my money and *has* been gettin' it from the first.

JENNIE.

But why d' you give it to him, Susan? You don't have to!

SUSAN.

*Don't I? Ain't I tried over and over to nig on him? (In a lower voice and with an involuntary shudder)* I don't try *that* no more!

JENNIE.

Then why don't you leave him! If he followed you, you could hand him over to the cop!

SUSAN.

*(With a contemptuous shrug)* The cop! Now I'm sick and no good he's kicked me out. *(With a frightened glance at the door)* But if he caught me here he'd beat the life out o' me just the same.

JENNIE.

How'd you get so sick?

## ACT TWO

77

SUSAN.

Lawd. We all of us do, sooner or later. How yer goin' to help it?

JENNIE.

Come here, Mame! (*Puts out her hand and draws Mamie over to her; puts her arm around her. To Susan:*) When you come, I was trying to keep Mame from going out with a man she don't know nothing about.

SUSAN.

(*Looks Mamie up and down with a half laugh*) What were yer goin' fur? D' yer love him?

MAMIE.

(*With a toss of her head*) I ain't never seen him but onct; I jest want a little fun.

SUSAN.

That's it! We all do! (*Fiercely*) Well, I tell you this, goil, there ain't no fun fur us in this bloomin' old world. Yer have to pay too high fur it! Look at me, twenty-six my last birthday. (*Laughs bitterly*) Wouldn't it jar yer? But you'll say, "You had bad luck! It might be different with me, I might live to be double your age!" Don't yer believe it. Even if yer did, it's worse to die old in this business, than it is to die young. (*Slowly and with emphasis but half*

*under her breath*) To live on and on — old and sick and lonely, *staring Hell straight in the face!*  
(*Throws her head back as though exhausted*)

*Mam'ie turns to Jennie with a shudder holding out her arms. Jennie draws her to her and strokes her forehead.*

SUSAN.

(*Making a movement to rise*) I gotta be goin'.

JENNIE.

Where d' you live?

SUSAN.

(*Evasively*) Not far from here.

JENNIE.

You don't look fit to go very far.

SUSAN.

Yer ain't said yer'd forgive me!

JENNIE.

Well, I do forgive you, seeing as you're sorry.

SUSAN.

I'd give a good deal to wipe that night's work off the slate. You'll shake hands, Jennie? The doctor says I'm going to die.

JENNIE.

Sure, I will.

## ACT TWO

79

SUSAN.

*(Turning to door, leans against the sill, as though she were faint. To Mamie)* I say, kid, the next time a feller hands you out a line of talk like that, jest yer give him the merry ha! ha! and come home here to Jennie. See?

MAMIE.

I will! *(Eagerly)* But yer don't look fit to go home. Come along to my room and I'll make yer a cup o' tea.

SUSAN.

You're awful good but — *(Looks at Jennie doubtfully)*

MAMIE.

*(To Jennie)* You come too, Jen?

JENNIE.

Sure, I'll come.

MAMIE.

*(Delighted)* P'raps I've got some ginger cookies. Come along, goils. *(Takes Susan's hand)*

JENNIE.

Guess I won't lock the door, there are no jewels to steal.

*The three girls exit, shutting the door after them, but not locking it; in a second there*

*comes a knock at the door, which is repeated impatiently, then knob is rattled. It turns unexpectedly and Tom Massey enters. He is a powerfully built man of about twenty-five, flashily dressed in a blue overcoat and check trousers, with a red neck-tie and a low collar, bright tan shoes. He looks around room as though surprised to find it empty; crosses to table and takes up photo on it; regards it with a smile of gratified vanity.*

TOM.

*Your Uncle Dudley's ugly mug all right!*

*Puts it on table, crosses to bureau and regards himself in the mirror; is evidently delighted with his appearance; backs away from glass, putting his hat on, then approaches it raising his hat and making a bow and smiling at his own reflection in the glass, stretches out his hand, which is encased in a very tight tan-colored kid gloves and goes through the gesture of shaking hands with an imaginary young lady and then draws his gloves off; as he is in the midst of this, Jennie appears in the doorway, sees him and utters a cry.*

JENNIE.

Tom!

*He turns; his expression changes at once; he*



*crosses swiftly and takes her in his arms; kisses her.*

TOM.

Did I give ye a turn, little girl? You look as if you'd seen a ghost! (*Kisses her again*)

JENNIE.

Oh, Tom, is it really you?

TOM.

It's me all right. Didn't you know me in my glad rags?

JENNIE.

Why haven't you written to me for so long, Tom?

TOM.

I was laid up, little girl. Got a *tap on the bean* the last time we played in Cleveland. It seemed like I'd cashed in my checks for good that game; then as soon as I got well enough to write, I thought I'd come myself instead; but let me look at you. (*Draws away from her; looking into her eyes*) You don't look as sassy as you did, when I went away. I oughtn't to have left you for so long. A whole year!

JENNIE.

(*Under her breath*) A whole year!

TOM.

What you been doing to yourself?

JENNIE.

*(Hesitates, starts to speak; her eyes fall)*  
N-nothing.

TOM.

Oh well, you'll be all right, now I'm home.  
Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?

JENNIE.

Take this rocking chair.

TOM.

*(Holding onto her hand, sits down on table in centre of room. Draws her to him)* This'll do. Jennie, when are you going to marry me?

*She turns her face away. He puts his hand under her chin and forces her to look at him.*

You can't say you're too young no longer. You're seventeen now! And you can't say I am too poor. Do you know why you can't say that? 'Cause I've four hundred dollars in my jeans, Jennie, four hundred dollars in my jeans. *(Tapping his pocket)*

JENNIE.

That's fine!

TOM.

Every time I *didn't* take a drink and put the

price in my stocking I'd say to myself, that much nearer to Jennie, by Gosh! And every week, when I'd hand back half my wad to the Manager to keep for me, I'd think, that means three months' rent of our little flat. Jennie's and mine!

JENNIE.

Oh, Tom!

TOM.

I've been doing first rate too. Luck's been with me right along. I guess 'cause you were a-praying for me all the time.

JENNIE.

*(Under her breath)* God knows I was!

TOM.

You know Tim O'Hanley, the Left Fielder? Well, he got knocked out first thing. Then I got my chance. You ought to've seen that game, Jen! If I'd had you there to root for me, if I could 'ave seen your pretty face smiling at me from the Grand-stand, 'twould sure have been the happiest day of my life!

JENNIE.

*(With a half sob)* And the happiest day of mine, too, Tom! Was it such a grand game?

*Tom's manner changes at once; he becomes the professional Base Ball Player. Begins de-*

*scribing the game in a comparatively quiet voice, but grows more and more vehement as he proceeds.*

TOM.

Well, you see, Jen, it was like this: in the first inning Cyclone Hanley came up to raps,—and the poor boob leaned over the plate too far, and while he was swinging his willow, Pretzel Suggs lets go with one for his bean, to sort of get his angora, y'understand? Well, it gets him right in the lamp, with a dull thud, and Mac, the Manager, he ups to me, and says, "Tom," he says, "are you ready?" he says. An' I says to him, "I'm right there with the green goods and the baby ribbon, Mac," I said. Then he sent me in to run for Kelley, but the side dies without a murmur when Yeager whiffed and Lardlaw popped to the in-field, and Delehanty grounded out. I trotted to right field and I didn't get a  
*from one to the other trying to play the hostess.*

Perhaps you might like a cup of tea.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I've just finished luncheon. Wouldn't you like some, Natalie?

NATALIE.

*(Indifferently)* No, thank you!

## ACT TWO

85

JENNIE.

If you'll excuse me a minute. I've got to tell Mame something, I'll be right back.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Certainly, dear.

*Exit Jennie.*

NATALIE.

*(Rising impulsively, crosses to Mrs. Townsend)* How can you stand it!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

What do you mean, dear?

NATALIE.

This close atmosphere, all the dirt of the street — The very air we breathe seems to be full of decay. It nauseates me! I think I'll go home and send the car back for you.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Coldly)* Very well, as you choose. Send Martha to me.

NATALIE.

*(Using salts)* You're used to it!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, the suffering has made me forget.

NATALIE.

Let me go before that girl returns, you can make some excuse. *(Exits quickly)*



*Mrs. Townsend stands looking at Tom's picture when Jennie appears in doorway.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Miss Chambers had to go, Jennie. Is this Tom?

*Jennie looks over her shoulder.*

JENNIE.

*(With excitement)* Yes. Tom's just come, Mrs. Townsend! He was badly hurt! That's why he hasn't written to me for so long.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I see, then —

JENNIE.

*(Interrupts)* No, he hasn't heard a word! He's begging me to marry him right off. He's saved lots of money.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You told him?

JENNIE.

I couldn't!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Jennie!

JENNIE.

I haven't had time. I tried to, but he didn't give me time. If it hadn't been Sunday, I guess he'd married me right away.



MRS. TOWNSEND.

But you are going to tell him?

JENNIE.

Yes, I promised you I would and I will!  
(*With a change of tone*) But it'll be all up with me when I do!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh no, dear. I believe Tom will be big enough to take you and your baby, both right into his heart and take care of you.

It doesn't seem right to expect *that* of him.

*Mamie appears at door, backs, seeing Mrs. Townsend.*

What is it, Mame? Come in.

MAMIE.

It's Susan. She's took bad and I don't know what to do fur her.

JENNIE.

Will you come, Mrs. Townsend? She's awfully sick.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Rising*) Of course I will. Who is it?

JENNIE.

I'll tell you about her.

*All three exit; in a moment Jennie returns alone; looks on washstand for medicine bot-*

*tle, takes it up, examines label and then crosses to door; as she reaches it Tom Massey suddenly appears in it; his whole expression has changed. He is evidently laboring under great excitement. He enters, closes the door behind him, leaning on it.*

TOM.

Where are you going?

JENNIE.

*(Frightened)* Tom, what's the matter?

TOM.

*(Seizing her hand roughly)* Why didn't you tell me yourself? Why'd you let me hear it from those folks down stairs?

JENNIE.

You've heard. I *wanted* to tell you. You didn't give me time!

TOM.

*(Dropping her hand)* Then it's true! I wouldn't believe them. I gave them the lie. I said, "She'll deny it and I'll believe her against the whole damn lot of you!"

JENNIE.

I wouldn't lie to you, Tom! But if they told you the truth then you know I'm not to blame. You know the trick that was played on me!

## ACT TWO

89

TOM.

Yes, and I'm here to find out who played that trick. Out with it! What's his damn name?

JENNIE.

(*With a second's hesitation*) He said it was Holden! Jim Holden!

TOM.

And you *believed* him?

JENNIE.

(*Hesitates*) I did.

TOM.

No, you didn't. He was lying. What was his *real* name?

JENNIE.

(*Hesitates again, slightly*) I don't know.

TOM.

Your voice doesn't ring true. You're not looking me in the eyes. You're lying to me!

JENNIE.

Oh! Tom!

TOM.

You knew who that man was!

JENNIE.

No!

TOM.

You're trying t' protect him! All this story about drugs and being tricked, is a lie. You *love* him.

JENNIE.

No! No!! No!!!

TOM.

You went with him of your own accord!

JENNIE.

You don't know what you're saying, Tom!

TOM.

But it won't do any good! I'll find him, no matter who he is, and I'll run him down if I have to go to Hell for it. (*Turns to door*)

JENNIE.

Tom! Wait!

TOM.

I'll wait if you're ready to talk. (*Pause*) If you don't know his name, tell me what he looks like. (*Pause*) Well?

JENNIE.

(*Hesitates*) You see, I didn't rightly notice him!

## ACT TWO

91

TOM.

(*With a sneer*) You ate supper with him and you didn't rightly notice him! That isn't possible! You're lying as sure as there's a God above us. Here I've been counting the days till I could come back to you. I haven't looked at *any* woman. I haven't given any other woman so much as a thought! And you! you!

JENNIE.

(*Beseechingly*) Tom!

TOM.

But you're not going to save him!

JENNIE.

I don't care anything about him, so help me God! I'd never been out with him before, nor since.

TOM.

Then tell me his name.

JENNIE.

I can't!

TOM.

(*Advancing on her*) You will!

JENNIE.

I swear he isn't anything to me.

TOM.

*(Seizing her roughly)* What's his damn name?

JENNIE.

*(Helplessly)* I don't know!

TOM.

*(Forcing her against wall)* Tell me, or I'll —  
*(Raises his hand as though to strike)*

JENNIE.

*(Seizing his arm and clinging to it)* Tom! Tom! You're out of your mind. You couldn't strike me! Haven't I loved you ever since you first spoke to me?

*During the above speech, Mrs. Townsend appears in the doorway.*

TOM.

*(Between his teeth)* I want that name. D'you hear?

JENNIE.

*(Crying convulsively)* I wish to God I could tell it to you.

TOM.

*(Furiously)* You shall tell it, if I can choke it out of you. *(Loosens her hand from his arm and seizes her)*

*At this Mrs. Townsend comes forward. Tom's*



*eyes fall upon her. Involuntarily he loosens his hold of Jennie, who rushes to Mrs. Townsend, seizes her hand and drags her over to him.*

JENNIE.

Oh, tell him! You tell him I'm not lying. This is Mrs. Townsend, Tom, the best friend any girl ever had! You'll believe *her*, won't you?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Drawing Jennie to her and putting her arm around her protectingly)* Is this Tom, Jennie, the man you've told me so much about? The man you've promised to marry?

JENNIE.

Yes. He's heard about me, Mrs. Townsend. And he won't believe I don't know who that man was. You tell him!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(To Tom, taking a step nearer and holding out her other hand to him)* Why, I feel as if I knew you already. Jennie's talked of no one but you. How she's wondered why you didn't write and watched for the Postman and hoped against hope to hear from you!

TOM.

*(Half sullenly)* I been sick.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Earnestly, looking into his face*) And now you've come back only to hear of this poor child's dreadful trouble!

TOM.

I just heard, down stairs!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

If you could only have been here, it would never have happened!

TOM.

I guess it *wouldn't*!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

But, thank Heaven, you've come now. You can help us, Jennie and me, to find that beast!

TOM.

(*Starts*) Are you after him?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I have the best detectives in the city on the case!

TOM.

Then I'm with you! (*Takes her hand*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I thought you would be; I counted on you from the first.

## ACT TWO

95

TOM.

I'll run him down if takes the rest of my life to do it.

*Mamie appears in the doorway; looks from one to the other.*

MAMIE.

*(To Mrs. Townsend)* She's asleep, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Then we won't need the medicine, Mamie.

JENNIE.

This is Tom, Mame.

MAMIE.

*(Comes in holding out her hand to him)*  
Pleased to meet yer. *(With a changed tone)*  
My, but Jen must be glad you've come.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Jennie, my car is coming back for me. *(Looks at watch)* It should be here now and I want you to tell Martha that the chauffeur is to take you and Mamie for a little ride through Central Park. *(Looks out the window)* It's here now.

JENNIE.

Oh, Mrs. Townsend!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

It will do you both good and I want to have a little chat with Tom alone, if he can spare the time. (*Turning to Tom*)

TOM.

I ain't busy.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Come, girls, get ready.

MAMIE.

I'll get my hat and coat.

JENNIE.

All right.

MAMIE.

I'll be back in a jiffy. (*Exit*)

*Jennie takes her hat and coat out of wardrobe; crosses to bureau and puts hat on.*

JENNIE.

You're awfully kind, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Smiling*) I know you'll enjoy it. The air is quite mild.

JENNIE.

Enjoy it! I guess we will. Mamie's nearly crazy, poor little kid. She's never been in an auto in her life. (*She is ready now and turns to*

*Tom with a little pathetic gesture)* Good-bye, Tom.

TOM.

*(Without seeing her outstretched hand)*  
Good-bye!

JENNIE.

Will I see you when I come back?

TOM.

I don't know.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I think you will, Jennie.

*Mamie appears in doorway.*

MAMIE.

She's still asleep, Mrs. Townsend. Will you look out for her while we're gone?

Yes.

JENNIE.

*(To Mrs. Townsend)* Good-bye.

MAMIE.

*(Hardly able to conceal her excitement and pleasure)* Good-bye. If anyone calls while I'm riding in my auto, just say Mrs. Vanderbilt will return at four for tea.

*Exit Mamie and Jennie. Mrs. Townsend turns back into room; glances once or twice at Tom, who stands looking out of window, his*

*back partly turned to her. She sits in rocking chair.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I want to talk to you about Jennie.

*He makes an unresponsive gesture but does not move.*

The child has become very dear to me in the last six months.

*Waits, he does not answer.*

She has the sweetest nature I have ever known! Such truth! Such a big, warm, trusting heart!

*He turns from window suddenly, crosses to chair by table; sits, leans on table, his face in his hands.*

TOM.

God! To come home to this!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Leaning forward and laying her hand on his arm, very gently)* Poor boy!

TOM.

*(Brokenly)* Jennie, of all the girls in the world! *(With sudden fierceness striking the table with his clenched fist)* But she lied to me just now.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

No!



## ACT TWO

99

TOM.

She did! Don't you s'pose I know her through and through? Haven't I loved her for two years? She's never been afraid to meet my eyes before. She speaks right up and tells the truth! She isn't like other girls, sneaky and underhand. She was my pal, Jennie was! She was the best sweetheart a man ever had! (*Almost breaking down*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Why do you say *was*? Whatever she *was*, she is still! Just as straight, just as true, just as loving!

TOM.

She isn't the *same*, she can't never be the same to me!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh, don't say that. You'll stick to her? You won't give her up?

TOM.

(*Shrinking*) What d'you mean?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You're going to marry Jennie?

TOM.

Aw, I don't know! I'm all broke up! I don't know *what* I'm going to do, only one thing. I'm going to kill that man if I have to swing for it.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

No, no.

TOM.

I can't see nothing but that. Jest let me get my fingers round his thr-oat — I'll wring it as if he was a rat!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Listen to me. You and I must work together. We both love Jennie. We're the only friends she's got and we must stand by her.

TOM.

What d'you mean?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I mean that she has had misery enough. You and I have got to see to it that she has no more!

TOM.

How?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

If you had been with her as I have been; if you'd seen her courage, her patience, her unselfishness; if you had heard her whisper your name over and over again in that hour of agony, with her lips grey with pain, the only oath you'd swear would be to stand by her through all the rest of your life and to protect her with every drop of your blood.

## ACT TWO

101

TOM.

(*Winking his eyes furtively*) Poor little girl!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

O, you men! One of you, for a moment's drunken pleasure, tricks an innocent, trusting soul to hell, and another, a man who had sworn to love her forever —

TOM.

(*Holding out his hand*) I'm goin' to stand by her, I tell you, I'm going to stand by her to the finish.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You're all she's got in the world. But thank God your shoulders are broad and your arms are strong. Won't you let her creep into them and be safe.

TOM.

(*Deeply touched*) I will, so help me God! I will!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

It's the only manly thing to do.

TOM.

But first, I've got to find that man!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

That's just what we want you to do, but not to kill him. It wouldn't help Jennie much if you

were hanged. Leave him to the law and you devote yourself to helping Jennie to forget.

TOM.

Who's looking for him?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Leroux is working on the case now.

TOM.

Auguste Leroux?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, do you know him?

TOM.

Sure I do. He's all right.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

He said if he could just get some clues about that restaurant it would be comparatively simple.

TOM.

Does Jennie know?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

She has told me all she knows, but it is very little. Naturally she paid little attention and there are hundreds of places in the city answering her description.

TOM.

That's bad. (*Pause*) What'll he get?

## ACT TWO

103

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Five years' hard labor!

TOM.

(*Sneers*) Five years! Wouldn't that *jar yer!*  
Five years!

*The door opens slowly. Tom rises. It is  
Susan Baker.*

SUSAN.

(*Looks around*) Jennie.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Come in, Susan, I sent the girls for a little ride  
in my motor.

*Susan enters, stands by the doorway.*

SUSAN.

I'm better now and I'm goin'.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Do you feel strong enough to walk?

SUSAN.

Oh, yes. (*Looks at Tom*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

This is Tom Massey, you've heard Jennie speak  
of Tom?

SUSAN.

Sure. (*Looks at him eagerly*) You're going

to marry her? Say, yer going to do the white thing by her, ain't yer?

TOM.

If there's a God in heaven.

SUSAN.

*(Leans against doorsill and begins to cry)* I can die a whole heap happier knowin' that!

TOM.

Why'd you care? Are you so fond o' Jennie? I never heard her talk of you!

SUSAN.

*(Stopping)* 'Tain't that! I'll tell you why 'tis. And if yer kill me, 'twon't make much difference, I guess! I'm goin' anyway, the doctor says!

TOM.

*(Stepping towards her impatiently)* Well?

SUSAN.

'Twas me that was with her that night! I'm Susan Baker.

TOM.

*(Shouting angrily)* You! My God!

SUSAN.

*(Panting as though very weak)* Don't ask questions, I ain't got the strength to tell you all.



But I've told her, and she's forgave me. She forgave me everything.

TOM.

(*Seizing her hand excitedly*) See here, never mind. Just tell me. Where did you go that night? What's the name of the place?

SUSAN.

We went to Clancey's.

TOM.

Tim Clancey?

SUSAN.

(*Nodding*) Sure!

TOM.

Who were the men?

SUSAN.

I don't know.

TOM.

(*To Mrs. Townsend, excitedly*) What luck. It's easy sailing now. Tim was once a friend o' mine. (*Picks up his hat and starts for the door*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Where are you going?

TOM.

I'm going to beat it straight to Tim's. There ain't nothing I can't get out o' him.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Taking card out of her bag*) Wait a minute.  
You'll report to me? There's my card.

TOM.

(*Takes it*) Sure.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Either to me or to Judge Rand of the Juvenile Court.

TOM.

(*Starting*) I know Judge Rand; leastways, I did know him a long time ago. He did me a good turn once, but most likely he's forgotten all about it.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Smiling*) It's a way he has.

TOM.

He's *all right*! Now for that Hell-hound.  
(*Exits quickly*)

SUSAN.

(*To Mrs. Townsend*) I must be goin'. (*Begins buttoning up her coat*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You look very ill!

SUSAN.

(*With a laugh that ends with a sneer*) Oh, I'm a goner all right.

## ACT TWO

107

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Can't you wait a few minutes. I'll take you home in my car.

SUSAN.

You're awful kind, but I gotta go. (*Holds out her hand*) I guess it's good-bye for good.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

No, you must let me come to see you at the hospital.

SUSAN.

(*Eagerly*) Would you do that?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Of course I will.

SUSAN.

Say, you're all right! I'm glad Jennie's got a friend like you. (*Turns to the door and stops*) And that little Mame. Couldn't you look after her a bit? She's an all right kid, but she's just the kind — (*Hesitates*)

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I'll take care of her.

SUSAN.

(*At door*) Oh! If there was only more like ye, there wouldn't be so many like me. (*Exits slowly*)

*Mrs. Townsend picks up a book from the table and pulls a rocking chair over to the window, but doesn't read; the book falls from her unnoticed; she closes her eyes and puts her head back. A man's footsteps are heard ascending the stairs. Julian Townsend appears in doorway. When he sees his wife, he is about to retreat noiselessly, but she opens her eyes at that moment and starts as she sees him.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You! What do you want?

*He does not answer, seems confused.*

What are you doing here?

TOWNSEND.

*(After slight hesitation)* Really, my dear, I might ask the same question of you.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Then I can answer it quite readily. This is Jennie Nolan's room, and as you know, I come to see her frequently.

TOWNSEND.

*(Pulling himself together and resuming his accustomed nonchalant manner)* Jennie Nolan's room. I don't know who Jennie Nolan is, but it is quite evident that I have made a mistake. *(Makes movement as though to go)*

ACT TWO

109

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Just a minute.

*He turns back.*

TOWNSEND.

Well?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Whom were you looking for?

*He shrugs his shoulders as if to imply that it doesn't concern her. Mrs. Townsend rises, speaking impetuously.*

Are you sure that you *have* made a mistake?  
Are you quite sure that you were not looking for Jennie, after all?

TOWNSEND.

What do you mean?

TOWNSEND.

Oh, it can't be true! You can't have fallen as low as that!

TOWNSEND.

May I ask?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

It is very strange that you should have stumbled by mistake on this girl's room!

TOWNSEND.

(*Glibly*) It is indeed. But you see Billie, Bil-

lie Coates, my little office boy, the one who's been with me ever since he was *that* high, is sick, very sick, and he sent word that he would like to see me.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Oh!

TOWNSEND.

He lives somewhere in this charming apartment house!

Oh, indeed!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*A slight pause.*

TOWNSEND.

Is this the girl you've been interested in?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes.

TOWNSEND.

And you suspected me of,— You certainly don't flatter me. (*Turns to door*) I must look up Billie. He's a bright youngster. Wouldn't like to lose him! (*Exits indifferently, shutting door softly after him*)

*Mrs. Townsend stands in thought, shakes her head as though perplexed, then resumes her former seat; picks up book and reads a few words. Door is burst open. Jennie and*



## ACT TWO

III

*Mamie enter, the latter in a gale, her eyes and cheeks glowing.*

MAMIE.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has returned! Say, Mrs. Townsend, that was grand! Jennie, wasn't it out o' sight?

JENNIE.

Oh, such a ride! (*Looking around*) Is Tom gone?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Yes, but he's all right, Jennie.

JENNIE.

Are you sure?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Smiling reassuredly*) Perfectly sure, dear!

JENNIE.

Then it's all thanks to you, Mrs. Townsend.  
(*Seizes her hand*)

MAMIE.

I like auto-mobilin'. Feels just like you're flyin'!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Rises, putting on things*) I'm glad you had a nice ride, girls. You shall go again very soon.

MAMIE.

Oh, can we — honest? My, all the carriages and automobiles and people on horseback! Ain't the Park great though? Did you see that young goil drivin' that great big automobile, most as big as ours, Jennie? Goin' like a streak o' lightnin', too!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Is ready to go. To Jennie)* Do you know a little boy that lives in this building, upstairs, I think, named Billie Coates, Jennie?

JENNIE.

*(Shakes her head)* No. I didn't know there was any boy upstairs, did you Mame?

MAMIE.

*(Hardly listening)* Nope! Jannie, did you notice how funny some of the chauffers looked in them goggles? Just like frogs!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Exchanging glances of amusement with Jennie)* Mamie's too excited to pay any attention now, Jennie. Well, good-bye, both of you. Keep each other company and I'll see you soon.  
*(At door)* Remember to call me up any time if you want to speak to me, or consult me about anything.

## ACT TWO

113

JENNIE.

Thank you, ma'am.

MAMIE.

Jest if we want to speak to you?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Smiling*) Yes, even if it just to say Hello!

MAMIE.

Gee!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

And I want you to come together to see me some evening this week.

MAMIE.

Sure, we'll come.

JENNIE.

If you're sure you want us. Good-bye.

*Exit Mrs. Townsend.*

MAMIE.

My! Ain't she a dandy!

JENNIE.

(*With fervor*) She's an angel. God never made but *one like her!*

MAMIE.

Yer want to come and eat yer supper in my room, Jen?

JENNIE.

Yes, if you say so.

MAMIE.

Then I'll go and light me stove. I wonder if that Susan Baker's still in there?

JENNIE.

I don't know.

MAMIE.

I'll go see. Come 'long, will yer?

JENNIE.

Yes. I've got some sliced ham too, I'll bring that.

MAMIE.

All right. (*Exit*)

*Jennie opens cupboard door and takes down tin box from shelf; as her back is turned, there comes a gentle knock at door; she speaks without turning around.*

JENNIE.

Come in.

*Julian Townsend enters; closes door behind him, stands by it, hat in hand. Jennie with back turned opens tin box; laughs slightly.*

One slice o' ham, Mame, two by four! (*Sniffs into box*) And the cheese is stale! (*Pause. Jennie turns and sees Townsend, starts violently, almost dropping the box*)

## ACT TWO

115

TOWNSEND.

(*Bowing, with a smile*) I beg your pardon.

JENNIE.

(*Frightened*) Who are you? What do you want?

TOWNSEND.

(*Advancing a step or two*) Don't be frightened. (*Smiling again*) I am perfectly harmless. Am I speaking to Jennie Nolan?

JENNIE.

That's my name all right.

TOWNSEND.

My name is Townsend.

*Jennie starts.*

Julian Townsend. I think my wife has just been here.

JENNIE.

(*Advancing a step or two; impulsively*) There hasn't anything happened to her? The automobile —

TOWNSEND.

Oh, no. I saw her start. May I sit down? And won't you sit down yourself? You look tired!

JENNIE.

(*Laughs*) Tired!

TOWNSEND.

*(Sitting and laying his hat and cane on table)*  
I came to see you on behalf of my son.

JENNIE.

Then you can go! I don't want anything from him!

TOWNSEND.

I can appreciate that. When this sort of an affair breaks up, there's always bitterness left on one side or on both!

JENNIE.

*(Leaning across table)* I don't understand you. But I don't want you here, d'you see? I don't *want* you here. I don't see strange men in my room. I'm not that kind! You can go!

TOWNSEND.

I have no idea of staying, my dear young lady, any longer than to transact the business that brought me here.

JENNIE.

And what's that?

TOWNSEND.

To tell you that I've got three thousand dollars in the bank, which will be given to you, as soon as you are ready to sail for England, or leave for California. Of course it is understood that you



are not to come back. And that you are to hold your tongue in regard to my son. I want a written promise to that effect!

JENNIE.

I've already told your son I don't want to have anything to do with him. Three thousand dollars is a heap of money. 'Twould keep me and the kid going for many a day! I guess I'm a fool not to take it, but I'm not going to.

TOWNSEND.

And you'll leave New York without a cent?

JENNIE.

I'm not going to leave New York.

TOWNSEND.

*(Rises and approaches her)* Now, my dear, be reasonable.

JENNIE.

*(Nodding her head slowly)* Just stay where you are! Now I understand! I've been puzzling and puzzling to know how she ever came to have a son like *him*! Now I know! 'Twas through *you* the yellow streak came in. Through *you*!

TOWNSEND.

*(Growing angry)* We'll quit that kind of talk, if you please.

JENNIE.

Then go, and tell that son of yours that he's safe as long as his mother lives! There's nothing that could wring the truth out of me while she's alive. Why, I thought it had cost me enough already to hold my tongue!

TOWNSEND.

(*Going*) Well, you're a foolish girl to throw away good money like this. You'll live to regret it.

JENNIE.

(*Pointing to door*) Go!

*Townsend exits. Jennie crosses and locks the door; then turns; crosses to table and throws herself in chair, buries her face in her folded arms, sobbing.*

Oh, Tom! Tom!

CURTAIN.

## ACT THREE.

*Three days later.*

SCENE: *The Juvenile Court Room. Judge Rand's desk at rear upon a raised dais; behind it, a swinging chair. Small desk L. for stenographer; to his left, stall for witness; a desk down stage, R., for Clerk of the Court; one up stage, R., for bailiff. A partition about six feet high divides an aisle leading from door L., from rest of stage. Two rows of benches against wall, R. A door at rear and one left. Clock on wall points to ten.*

*Stenographer is seated at his desk, busy with a pile of papers. John Ryan enters L. as curtain rises, carrying several books which he places on Judge Rand's desk.*

RYAN.

*(Looking at watch)* His Honor's late today.

STENOGRAPHER.

*(Glances up at clock)* Yes.

RYAN.

*(Picking up a long sheet of paper from Judge's*

*desk, and examining it)* All this for to-day?

*Stenographer shrugs as though he were very busy and does not want to be interrupted.*

*Enter, rear, James Kennedy.*

*(Addressing him)* All this for to-day, Kennedy?

KENNEDY.

*(Crossing to him and nodding)* Pretty full.

RYAN.

*(Pointing at paper)* Jennie Nolan's case, eh?

KENNEDY.

Yes. Tom Massey telephoned he was on the trail of the man. Hopes to run him in before Court adjourns.

RYAN.

When did Massey take a hand?

KENNEDY.

Two days ago.

RYAN.

He's a rum one. Hate to have him after me!

KENNEDY.

You bet!

RYAN.

He's working like Hell! Don't look like he'd slept for a year.

## ACT THREE

121

KENNEDY.

He's covered more ground in two days than Leroux did in two months.

RYAN.

You can bet on the Irish when a fellow does up their women.

KENNEDY.

If the case comes up, keep your eye on Tom. He means business.

RYAN.

Leave it to the Judge. He'll send the brute!

KENNEDY.

If there's no technicality.

RYAN.

I'm losing faith in the law, myself. If I was going to study it, I'd study the exceptions.

*Telephone rings, he crosses to it.*

Hello! That you, Massey? What's that? No, we don't close till one. Think you got him? Who is it? Ah, now come off, being so particular. No one'll hear you. Well, don't tell then. Yes, I'll send the Bailiff for Jennie. We'll have her here all right. So long! (*Hangs up receiver*) Of all the secretive pups, Tom's the worst! Says he's found the fellow, got him

shadowed and it'll knock the stuffing out of us when we know.

KENNEDY.

How about the Round case?

RYAN.

All square.

KENNEDY.

Aw, cut it!

RYAN.

He beat the woman black and blue, nearly killed the boy.

KENNEDY.

Sweet family, that! Sent up?

RYAN.

Yep. Eight months.

KENNEDY.

That Italian up last week skipped the town.

RYAN.

They make me tired, comin' over here with their romantic morals.

KENNEDY.

What we need is the Licking Post and Ducking Stool! Those fellows would hate to get licked in public.



## ACT THREE

123

RYAN.

Like to have a hand at some of them. (*Crosses to telephone, takes up receiver*) Police Headquarters. Hello there, that you, John? Leroux there? When'll he be back? Send Shorty over. Right away. (*Puts telephone down*)

KENNEDY.

(*Reading list*) We'll have a circus with the O'Connells.

RYAN.

(*Laughing*) Better get a bromo for the Missus.

KENNEDY.

(*Looking up from list, laughing*) Remember, Ryan, that first ride in the car with Crazy Kate, when she put her arms around your neck and called you her long lost son? Sure you were fussed!

RYAN.

I was green then. She near got away with me.

KENNEDY.

How you going to get those Hanson kids away from their father?

RYAN.

That's a hard case. He drinks like the devil. But he's fond of them. The public knocks us for

cases like that, but we've got to take care of the kids all the same.

KENNEDY.

Wish I had a few of Carnegie's millions. I'd be filling stomachs instead of libraries.

RYAN.

And your name would be mud! (*Crosses and sits at desk*)

*Enter Shorty.*

KENNEDY.

Hello, Shorty.

SHORTY.

Hello, what's up?

RYAN.

Seen anything of Massey?

SHORTY.

No.

RYAN.

Hasn't been at the Station?

SHORTY.

No.

RYAN.

Well, I want you to go after Jennie Nolan. Tom telephoned just now he'd surely got that fellow.

## ACT THREE

125

SHORTY.

All right. I'm on. (*To Kennedy*) So long, Jim.

(*To Ryan*) See yer later. (*Exit*)

*People begin coming in, passing to waiting room.*

*First, Andrew Jackson, walking slowly and stiffly; Paul White, whistling, with his head up; Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, seemingly much at variance with each other, she taking the lead, he trying to get it. They growl in suppressed voices. Enter Judge Rand.*

JUDGE RAND.

Good morning.

KENNEDY AND RYAN.

Good morning, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Many cases?

RYAN.

Enough.

JUDGE RAND.

There are always too many for you, Dick.

RYAN.

Of the O'Connell kind, yes. Can't make them over. They've been in this court nine times.

JUDGE RAND.

They're welcome if ye can keep those children committed to the Asylum. (*Takes seat, scanning broad sheet upon which are written cases for the day*) Jennie Nolan. (*Looks up*) I suppose there's nothing new?

RYAN.

Massey 'phoned, said he'd caught the fellow.

JUDGE RAND.

That's what he thought yesterday. Massey'll have to be on his mettle to beat a man like Leroux.

RYAN.

He seemed quite sure, your Honor. Said we'd be surprised when we heard his name.

JUDGE RAND.

(*Perusing sheet*) The fellow has certainly given us a chase, whoever he is. Poor Tom's hunting won't hurt him. It'll keep his mind occupied for a while till he gets used to the horror of it.

*Enter Mrs. Townsend, followed by Natalie Chambers.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Good morning, Judge, you see, I've brought Miss Chambers along.

## ACT THREE

127

*Judge rises, crosses to meet her, takes her hand.*  
She may become really interested later.

JUDGE RAND.

Good morning. (*Turns to Natalie and takes her hand*) Miss Chambers, I'm very glad to see you.

NATALIE.

Thank you.

JUDGE RAND.

I know you can be a great help to us.

NATALIE.

(*Carelessly*) You're awfully good to say so.

JUDGE RAND.

(*Looking at list again on his desk. To Kennedy*) I'm ready, James.

KENNEDY.

(*Raising his right arm and calling in a loud and rather sing-songy voice*) Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! The Juvenile Court of the City of New York, Kings County, is now opened according to law!

JUDGE RAND.

(*Consulting paper, to Kennedy*) The case of Paul White, is he here?

RYAN.

Yes, your Honor.

KENNEDY.

*(Opens door and calls)* Paul White!

*Enter Paul White, a boy of about fifteen, tall and straight, with a frank, manly face; he comes in whistling, his hands in his pockets and his head up.*

JUDGE RAND.

Well, Paul, good morning.

PAUL.

Good morning, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

How's business getting on, Paul?

PAUL.

First rate, your Honor. *(Taking paper from his pocket)* Brought a paper along to show you, seein' as we're pardners.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Smiling and taking paper; examines it)* Rand, White and Co. Statement. Humph! That's all right. Profits last week, \$3.15.

PAUL.

*(Putting hand in pocket and drawing out money)* Yes, your Honor. Here's your half.



## ACT THREE

129

JUDGE RAND.

(*Takes it*) Thank you, Paul. (*Puts it in pocket*) You're not tired of business?

PAUL.

Gosh sakes, no. Don't say you're goin' to send me back to school, your Honor! I never would have stolen that stuff, honest I wouldn't, if me father had took me out of school when I begged him to and let me go to work. I'm goin' to be rich some day, I am!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Aside to Natalie*) That's true, he will be.

PAUL.

If you don't want to stay in the firm, then I'll pay yer off if you'll give me time, and go it alone.

JUDGE RAND.

Why of course I want to stay in the firm. You boys keep me so busy down here I don't get a chance to make any money, so you'll have to do it for me.

PAUL.

Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Your father's satisfied now?

PAUL.

Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Then you can go, Paul, but report again next week.

PAUL.

Yes, your Honor, I will. Good-bye, sir.

JUDGE RAND.

Good-bye, pardner.

*Paul exits briskly.*

(*To Mrs. Townsend*) That boy's going to come out all right.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I'm sure he is. It was a splendid idea of yours to take him into partnership. I don't see how you dared trust him with that first five dollars, though.

JUDGE RAND.

I felt he was all right.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I must tell you about him, Natalie.

*They talk.*

JUDGE RAND.

(*Turns again to paper. To Kennedy*) The Blesinski case.

## ACT THREE

131

KENNEDY.

*(Approaching him)* Blesinski's skipped, sir. Gone back to Russia. Took his boy with him.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Turns to Stenographer)* The Blesinski case stricken from the calendar. *(Again turns to paper)* Mike Calahan and Jim Hart.

KENNEDY.

The witnesses couldn't all be secured, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Mike Calahan and Jim Hart postponed to Saturday. *(Looks at paper again; to Kennedy)* Andrew Jackson.

*Mrs. Townsend and Kennedy exchange glances of amusement.*

KENNEDY.

*(Opening door at rear and calling)* Andrew Jackson.

*Pause. Kennedy exits and returns in a moment preceded by Andrew Jackson, a very old and dignified negro, who moves a little stiffly as though he were suffering from rheumatism; his hair is shaved very close to his head, and his ears stick out prominently; he*

*leads a small and thoroughly frightened boy by the hand.*

JUDGE RAND.

*(Leans forward and raises his right hand)*  
Andrew Jackson, do you swear to speak the truth,  
the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

ANDREW.

I do, yo' Honah! So help me Gawd! Kingdom come and Glory be!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Suppressing a smile)* Well, Andrew, why have you shaved your head this chilly weather? Aren't you afraid of catching cold?

ANDREW.

I'se moanin' for meh wife, seh.

JUDGE RAND.

Your wife? Is she dead?

ANDREW.

Yes, yo' Honah.

JUDGE RAND.

Indeed. I'm sorry to hear that. When did she die, Andrew?

ANDREW.

She's been dade three years come nex' August, yo' Honah.

## ACT THREE

133

JUDGE RAND.

And you're mourning for her still?

ANDREW.

I moans in spells, sir.

JUDGE RAND.

(*Maintaining his gravity with difficulty and examining paper*) Well, was it in one of these spells that you beat your little boy so unmercifully, Andrew?

ANDREW.

It may have been, yo' Honah. I cyarn't say. When de frenzy come on me I'se like the Isr'elites ob old dat beat dare breasts and cry aloud, "Woe! Woe! Woe!"

JUDGE RAND.

(*Leaning forward and tapping on desk, sternly*) Well, let me tell you something, Andrew, and do you pay attention to my words! You're not to strike that little boy of yours again. When the frenzy comes on you, take a hint from the Israelites of old, and confine your beatings to your own breast!

ANDREW.

Yes, seh. Cert'ny, seh.

JUDGE RAND.

Kennedy, I believe you're in charge of this case?

KENNEDY.

*(Coming forward)* Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Have you any suggestions to make?

KENNEDY.

I should say, your Honor, there wasn't much use in giving Andrew another chance. If I hadn't happened to drop in on him last week just when I did, I believe he'd have killed that boy.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Very sternly)* Just what I feared. Very well, then, Andrew, we will have to take him.

ANDREW.

*(Holding on to the child's hand and backing away from Kennedy)* No, seh! You ain't gwine to git my chile.

KENNEDY.

*(To boy)* You'll come with me, won't you, Andy?

*The boy holds onto his father with one hand, sucking the thumb of his other one, shakes his head.*



I believe he's fond of his father in a way, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Andrew, as though idea had just come to him*) Have you got any sisters, Andrew?

ANDREW.

Yes, seh, two.

JUDGE RAND.

Could one of them keep your boy if you paid his board?

ANDREW.

Yes, seh, cert'ny, seh.

JUDGE RAND.

Then I tell you what I'll do. You go home and take your boy. And you come back here on Saturday with one of your sisters.

ANDREW.

Yes, yo' Honah.

JUDGE RAND.

In the meantime, you keep your hands off of him. Mr. Kennedy will keep a sharp look out on you and if you don't want your boy taken from you for good and all, you'll be careful how you treat him!

ANDREW.

(*Thoroughly impressed*) Yes, yo' Honah.  
Cert'ny, yo' Honah.

JUDGE RAND.

That'll do.

*Andrew turns to door. Mrs. Townsend rises  
with a whispered word to Natalie.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Wait a minute, Andrew, I want to speak to  
you.

*Exits, talking in a low voice to Andrew, who  
listens respectfully.*

JUDGE RAND.

Good for nothing old hypocrite.

*Telephone on Judge's desk rings; he answers it.*

Well? Yes. Yes, Tom. You have him?  
Good! Yes. You'll be here in half an hour?  
Very well. Is Leroux with you? All right.  
Yes. We'll get Jennie. Good-bye. (*Rings off;  
to Kennedy*) He's got that man.

KENNEDY.

Who is it?

JUDGE RAND.

He didn't say.

KENNEDY.

Shorty's gone for Jennie Nolan.

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Natalie*) I'm afraid, Miss Chambers, that this case of Jennie Nolan's may be a very painful one; perhaps you'd rather not stay.

NATALIE.

Oh, I think I'll stay, Judge Rand, Mrs. Townsend has told me about it.

JUDGE RAND.

As you choose. (*Consults list*) The O'Connells!

KENNEDY.

(*Calls, through open door*) Patrick O'Connell! Mary O'Connell!

*Enter Irish couple; Mary is considerably taller than her husband, who is thin and bandy-legged; both have every mark of the habitual drunkard; have evidently been squabbling together, but have patched up a truce in order to combine against the Judge.*

JUDGE RAND.

Well, Mary, good morning.

MARY.

(*Curtseys defiantly*) Morrin', yer Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Patrick!

PATRICK.

*(With a particularly rich brogue)* Yerr Honorr!

JUDGE RAND.

Well, how are you both getting on?

*They both begin speaking simultaneously, and with great volubility. In the midst of it re-enter Mrs. Townsend, who sits beside Natalie, who is much amused.*

PATRICK.

We're not gettin' on at all! Not the laste bit.

MARY.

Gittin' on! Sure, and ye can tell by the look of us we ain't gittin' on at all, at all!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Raps on desk)* One at a time, please. Now, Mary.

MARY.

Well, yer Honorr, they call this a free counthry, and I used to think it was! But begorra! since you kidnapped me bhoys —

PATRICK.

*(Interrupting)* I'll have the law on you for it, yer Honorr, Judge or no Judge!

JUDGE RAND.

Be still, Patrick.

PATRICK.

I'll be still, yer Honorr, whin ye give me back me bhoys! I'm bringin' suit for twinty thousand dollars against ye, and that's a fact!

JUDGE RAND.

You just wait a minute. I'll come to you in a moment. Now, Mary.

MARY.

I was sayin', your Honorr, that, since you kidnapped our bhoys, Pathrrick's behaviour's been sump'n awful!

*Patrick turns and glares at her; she tosses her head defiantly.*

JUDGE RAND.

What's he been doing?

MARY.

He's foreverr rrunnin' round to caifs and buf-fits and dhrrinkin'! And whin he's at home, he's foreverr dramin'!

JUDGE RAND.

Dreaming?

MARY.

(*Nods*) The trrrriblest drames! He wakes

me up in the middle o' the night to hear thim!

And they gives me the shakes, that they do, your Honorr!

JUDGE RAND.

Patrick, if you'd let the whiskey bottle alone you'd stop dreaming.

PATRICK.

(*Shaking his head*) Haven't touched a dhrop in sivin days, yer Honorr, and I had the wurrst drame o' the lot last night! Dramed I was —

JUDGE RAND.

(*Interrupts*) Oh, never mind, you needn't tell it, Patrick.

PATRICK.

No, your Honorr. (*Goes right on*)

*The Judge shrugs his shoulders resignedly.*

Dramed I was in Hell, yer Honorr, and the divil, he says, says he, "Make yerrself at 'ome, Patrick, me honey," he says, "Make yerrself at 'ome! Hang your coat right up," he says, "and set down." So I walks over to hang me coat on the nearest peg, but the old bhoy he snatches me hand away! "Not on that peg, Patrick," he says. "Whatcher thinkin' of yer idgit? Doan't yer know that's *Judge Rrand's* peg."

*Judge Rand, Kennedy and Ryan all laugh, but*



*Patrick looks solemnly from one to the other without a smile.*

JUDGE RAND.

*(Suddenly grave)* Patrick, I suppose you and Mary want to keep your two girls?

PATRICK.

Shure, an' you won't git *thim*, yer Honorr!

JUDGE RAND.

That depends on you. I thought I told you you were not to carry a drop of whiskey across your door-sill, Patrick?

PATRICK.

Shure, and I didn't, yer Honorr! I jist brought it *to* the dorr, she (*jerking his finger at Mary*) brought it acrost!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Severely)* Mr. Ryan's account of you both is not at all satisfactory, and Mrs. Townsend says that unless you and your wife cut out this whiskey drinking entirely, she would advise our taking your girls.

PATRICK.

*(With an emphatic gesture)* I'd just advise you to thry it!

JUDGE RAND.

(*Leaning across desk and speaking with emphasis*) I won't *try* it. I'll *do* it! (*To Mary*) Mary, I had hopes of you! —strong hopes of you! You picked up wonderfully for a while! How you can touch a drop to drink with those beautiful girls of yours right there in the house with you!

MARY.

(*Begins to cry furtively*) The darrlin's!

JUDGE RAND.

If they really are dear to you haven't you got strength to cut it out for their sakes?

MARY.

Shure and I'll try, yer Honorr!

JUDGE RAND.

I never saw finer girls. And they love you — you too, Patrick. For their sakes I'm going to give you one more chance.

PATRICK.

And me bhoys?

JUDGE RAND.

They're doing splendidly. I get the finest reports from them.

PATRICK.

(*Proudly*) Begorra, now!

## ACT THREE

143

JUDGE RAND.

As soon as your home is fit to bring them to, they'll be given back to you, and not till then!

PATRICK.

And this is a free counthry!

JUDGE RAND.

You can go now.

MARY.

Good-bye, your Honorr. (*Goes out*)

*Mrs. Townsend rises.*

JUDGE RAND.

Good-bye, Mary.

*Patrick walks out without ceremony.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*To Judge*) Shall Mrs. Lacy continue in charge of the case?

JUDGE RAND.

I think so.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I'll see her about it. (*Exit R.*)

*Enter Leroux, door L.*

JUDGE RAND.

Well, Leroux.

LEROUX.

We've got him, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Splendid! Bring him in.

LEROUX.

I'd like a word with you, your Honor.

JUDGE RAND.

Well?

LEROUX.

Do you know who this man is?

JUDGE RAND.

No.

LEROUX.

It'll take your breath away, sir.

JUDGE RAND.

(*Impatiently*) Well, who is it?

LEROUX.

(*Coming closer*) It is Philip Townsend!  
*Ryan and Kennedy both start.*

JUDGE RAND.

(*In horrified amazement*) What!

LEROUX.

It is Philip Townsend.

*Natalie suppresses a cry, leans forward listening, an expression of horror on her face; for the moment the Judge forgets her in the shock of the surprise.*

JUDGE RAND.

Impossible!

LEROUX.

It is, sir.

JUDGE RAND.

Good God!

LEROUX.

It's a rum go!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Hand to his head as though bewildered)* It can't be! *(After slight pause)* He's in there?

LEROUX.

Yes.

JUDGE RAND.

Who's with him?

LEROUX.

Tom Massey.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Suddenly aroused)* My God! His mother's here! She's in there! We must get rid of her quick.

*Rises. At that moment Natalie steps forward and he sees her.*

NATALIE.

Judge Rand.

JUDGE RAND.

You heard?

NATALIE.

Yes.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Holding out his hand to her)* My poor child! You'd better go.

NATALIE.

No. I'll stay.

JUDGE RAND.

But — she's here. You must persuade her to go, quick. *(To Leroux)* Keep them in that room till she's gone.

*Leroux nods and exits L.*

*(To Natalie)* Now, Miss Chambers, get her to go with you quietly. Say you're ill, insist upon it.

NATALIE.

*(Coldly)* I'll try. *(Exit)*

JUDGE RAND.

*(Turns to Kennedy)* Clear the Court, Kennedy. The other cases are postponed till Saturday.

*Re-enter Natalie.*



NATALIE.

She's gone to buy a coat for Mrs. O'Connell. Left word she'd be back in a little while.

JUDGE RAND.

Then you must go after her. Get her home, for God's sake. (*Suddenly noticing Natalie's face*) You look ill.

NATALIE.

(*Scornfully*) Think what my friends will say. *Leroux re-enters.*

*Natalie exits as the Judge turns to Leroux.*

JUDGE RAND.

Bring him in.

LEROUX.

Yes, your Honor. (*Exit*)

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Ryan*) I can't believe it! I can't believe it! (*In lower voice*) It will kill her! (*To Kennedy, pointing to door L*) Guard that door. Admit no one not directly connected with the case. If Mrs. Townsend comes, don't let her come in.

KENNEDY.

Yes, your Honor. (*He crosses and stands by door L*)

*Door R. opens and Leroux enters, followed by*

*Philip Townsend and Tom Massey. The latter keeps his right hand in his pocket and never takes his eyes from Philip's face. Philip is pale and very nervous, his lips and trembling and his eyes bloodshot.*

JUDGE RAND.

*(To Philip)* Come closer, please.

*Philip approaches.*

*(Raising his right hand very solemnly)* Philip Townsend, do you swear to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

PHILIP.

*(Almost inaudibly)* I do.

JUDGE RAND.

*(Sinking back in his chair deeply moved, tries to speak, but clears his throat instead. After a moment)* Do you admit the charge that is made against you?

TOM MASSEY.

*(Stepping forward)* There ain't no call for him to admit or deny, your Honor! We've got the spots on him!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Waving his hand)* Wait a minute, Tom!

PHILIP.

(*In low voice*) I admit nothing. Can't you wait till my father comes? I've telephoned for him.

JUDGE RAND.

Your mother may come at any moment.

PHILIP.

My mother! — God!

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Tom Massey*) What witnesses have you?

TOM.

Tim Clancey, your Honor. And the girl, Susan Baker. Shall I bring 'em in?

JUDGE RAND.

No; they can wait. (*Turns to Philip*) This case of course will go to the criminal court, over which I preside, and as you are twenty-one you will receive sentence there. But if you are innocent of this crime, if you can prove that you were not present; that it is a case of mistaken identity —

PHILIP.

(*Hurriedly approaching the Judge*) Judge, I can't do it. It's no use, I was there. I'm the

man they want. But for God's sake, don't let it come to a trial, a public trial. You can stop it.

JUDGE RAND.

I'm powerless to stop it.

PHILIP.

(*In excitement*) I'd been drinking, I tell you. I didn't realize what I was doing.

*Door R. opens at this moment and Julian Townsend enters. He walks up to Judge Rand.*

TOWNSEND.

Judge Rand, if you will ask these people to leave the room, you and I can very soon fix this matter up between us.

JUDGE RAND.

Then you knew about it?

TOWNSEND.

I knew my boy was in a scrape.

JUDGE RAND.

A scrape!

TOWNSEND.

What I didn't know was that you were going to push this thing to such a point as to bring disgrace, a lot of newspaper notoriety, on the family. What's *that* fellow doing? (*Raising his cane and pointing it at stenographer*)

### ACT THREE

151

JUDGE RAND.

He's taking notes.

TOWNSEND.

For the papers? I thought so. Tell him to stop it, to stop it at once!

JUDGE RAND.

That is quite impossible.

TOWNSEND.

But I won't have this whole thing published in the morning's paper, I tell you!

JUDGE RAND.

I am afraid you will find it impossible to prevent that, Townsend.

TOWNSEND.

I hope you are satisfied. I hope my wife will be satisfied, when she sees what her confounded meddling in the affairs of other people has brought on her!

JUDGE RAND.

Townsend, you will have to keep quiet and allow the case to proceed.

TOWNSEND.

To hell I will!

*Judge Rand rises angrily. Townsend, seeing*

*he has gone too far, continues in a quieter tone; the Judge sinks back in his chair.*

What I mean is, there isn't any case. None whatever! Philip acknowledges that he went on a spree. He got drunk, and has little recollection of what happened. Who were his companions? A college chum and two women of the town!

*Massey steps forward with a smothered oath.*

TOM.

Damn you! Take that back!  
*Townsend steps back suddenly.*

TOWNSEND.

On the contrary, I'll repeat it.  
*Massey makes gesture as though he would choke him.*

JUDGE RAND.

Step back, Tom. You must control yourself!

TOWNSEND.

Since when has this been a criminal offence? You say the girl was innocent. How are you going to prove it? If she was what is she doing with Susan Baker? Give me time and I'll bring a dozen witnesses to prove them two of a kind.

JUDGE RAND.

Townsend, you're taking the wrong line of de-



fence if you want to prove Philip's case. We happen to know Jennie Nolan here, all of us. Her character needs no witnesses in this place. Her record is clean, but if it were all you say it wouldn't help Philip.

TOWNSEND.

Why not?

JUDGE RAND.

The legal age of consent. That old defence that men have hidden behind ever since the world began, "She was no better than she should be and she tempted me," no longer goes in this state, at least with young girls of sixteen!

TOWNSEND.

Philip is quite willing to make what amends you consider necessary. And I am back of him to the extent of ten thousand dollars!

*Tom Massey, his hand still in his pocket, takes a step closer, watching the Judge breathlessly.*

JUDGE RAND.

Townsend, for once you are dealing with a situation that can't be reached by money — any amount of money!

*Tom relaxes his position and steps back.*

TOWNSEND.

(*Shrugging*) I knew I was dealing with a parcel of fanatics, but I didn't think you'd push the case, when I offer you ten thousand dollars for your protégée, by Jove, I didn't.

JUDGE RAND.

Nevertheless, that is what I am obliged to do.

TOWNSEND.

I understood there was a lover in the case, a fiancé; perhaps he'd have different views. Ten thousand dollars may look good to him.

*Tom Massey makes a move as though to jump on him; Kennedy holds him back.*

TOM.

Damn you!

JUDGE RAND.

Massey! (*To Townsend*) Townsend, in this case, the law must take its course.

TOWNSEND.

What do you mean, Rand?

JUDGE RAND.

(*With emphasis*) I mean that you can't buy Philip off.

TOWNSEND.

In that case my lawyer tells me there is another alternative.

JUDGE RAND.

And that is?

TOWNSEND.

Philip will marry the girl and legitimize the child.

TOM.

*(Stepping in front of Townsend and glaring furiously at him)* He won't do that! Do you understand? He won't do that!

TOWNSEND.

*(Shrugging his shoulders and taking a step backwards)* Who is this very emphatic gentleman?

TOM.

*She* marry that hell-hound! *(Pointing at Philip)* Never! So help me, Gawd!

TOWNSEND.

Well, since the lady's relatives decline the honor of my son's hand, and refuse a money settlement, I should think it was up to you, Rand, to see how unreasonable they are.

*The door opens and Shorty comes in, followed by Jennie. Judge Rand looks up and points to benches R.*

JUDGE RAND.

Sit down there, Jennie.

*Jennie nods and obeys; seems to shrink into corner.*

Townsend, I think you know that if it were possible for me to save your son, I would move Heaven and earth to do so, but it is not possible.

TOWNSEND.

Why?

JUDGE RAND.

*(Slowly and distinctly)* Because the crime is to my mind a more revolting one than murder!

*Philip shrinks.*

TOWNSEND.

Nonsense.

JUDGE RAND.

These cases have occurred of late with a frequency that is appalling. Something must be done to check them.

TOWNSEND.

So *my* son must be made the scapegoat!

JUDGE RAND.

No. But if he were the son of a poor man he would be sentenced without a doubt — no matter what prayers were offered in his behalf! I can-

not allow the fact that he is *your* son — that he is your wife's son — to influence me.

TOWNSEND.

(*Turns to Philip*) My boy! (*Makes a hopeless gesture*)

PHILIP.

(*Turning suddenly to the Judge, and speaking with almost hysterical vehemence*) Judge Rand, I won't go to prison! — I can't! You can't send me there!

JUDGE RAND.

(*Sternly*) Philip!

PHILIP.

Lots of other fellows have done what I did, and they go free! Why am I the one to pay?

JUDGE RAND.

Yes; you are right, Philip. Lots of other fellows have done what you did and they go free! It's a disgrace to our laws, to our country! But it has got to stop!

PHILIP.

And you begin with me!

JUDGE RAND.

It is the first time since I have had charge of this Court that we have been able to prove our case and leave no technicality to hide behind!

TOWNSEND.

He is absolutely determined, Philip.

PHILIP.

*(Turning to his father)* And you — you were so sure that we could fix it up with money. It's always been possible before! As you said, there was never a hole so deep that money wouldn't get you out of it! Well, here's one at last — and it's *my* damn luck to fall into it! *(To Judge Rand)* You won't let me off?

*Judge Rand shakes his head.*

I shall be tried in criminal court, herded in with all the other criminals?

*Judge Rand assents with a gesture.*

And the penalty?

JUDGE RAND.

Five years.

PHILIP.

My God! Then, it's up to me! *(Suddenly pulls pistol from his pocket and puts it to his temple)*

*Townsend, who is nearest him, sees him just in time and knocks it from his hand. Kennedy picks it up and pockets it.*

TOWNSEND.

Great God, boy, not that!



## ACT THREE

159

PHILIP.

(*Turning on him in mad excitement*) Curse you! Curse you! Why didn't you let me do it?

TOWNSEND.

There may be a way out yet, Phil.

PHILIP.

A way out! A way out! That's it! — that's always been your cry! I see it all now! Ever since I was a little chap and got into my first scrape you always whispered to me "That's all right! Everybody does that sort of thing, but only the *fools* pay up! There's always a way out if you're clever enough to find it!" And I listened to you! I believed you! I never stood up like a man and got my licking. I wish to God I had! I wish to God I had!

TOWNSEND.

Philip, my son —

PHILIP.

(*His excitement growing*) Yes, I am your son! And, so help me Heaven, I believe it's because I *am* your son, that I stand where I do to-day!

*Door R. opens. Natalie enters. Philip starts violently when he sees her. She ignores*

*him, passing coldly with averted eyes to Judge's desk.*

Natalie! (*Turns to door as though to escape*)

NATALIE.

I missed Mrs. Townsend. They said she had left the store.

JUDGE RAND.

Could she have gone home —

NATALIE.

Not without me. I'll see if she's coming back.

JUDGE RAND.

Do stop her.

(*As Natalie passes Philip, he speaks appealingly in a whisper*) Natalie.

NATALIE.

(*Scornfully*) I loathe you.

*Mrs. Townsend appears. She can be seen by the audience but hidden from others by partition. As she enters Natalie passes out of court.*

RYAN.

I wouldn't go in, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Why, of course I must, Mr. Ryan. Judge Rand telephoned me to come.

## ACT THREE

161

PHILIP.

*(Hears her voice)* Mother! *(Looks about wildly for some means of escape; takes a step nearer the door, but Tom Massey steps in front of it)*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(To Ryan)* Are they all there? — Jennie — and Tom Massey and Leroux?

RYAN.

Yes, Mrs. Townsend, but the case is finished. They don't need you.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I must go to Jennie. *(She passes beyond the partition with these words; her eyes fall first on her husband)* You!

*Everyone stands motionless, watching her breathlessly.*

Then it was true! *(Faces him, drawn to her full height, a flame of scorn in her eyes; under her breath)* Then it was true!

TOWNSEND.

No!

*He swerves slightly and her eyes fall on Philip.*

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Philip, what are you doing here? *(Turns on her husband)* So you sent for him! Dragged

him into this vile, sordid affair in order to protect yourself!

PHILIP.

Mother!

TOWNSEND.

Rand, *you* will have to tell her!

*Judge Rand rises.*

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Kennedy*) Kennedy, you and Leroux can wait in the next room.

*They exit silently. Ryan remains by door R. but is hidden from the others by partition.*

(*Leaves his desk, walks towards Mrs. Townsend, holding out his hands with infinite tenderness*) Mrs. Townsend, dear friend, I am sorry you have come! I telephoned to stop you. I wanted to prepare you for the shock!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

I *have* been prepared — ever since Sunday I have been practically sure.

JUDGE RAND.

No; you don't understand. It is not your husband.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Then —

*Turns wide, horrified eyes upon the group; when they fall on Philip he cowers before*

*them, covering his face with his hands; there is a pause; suddenly Mrs. Townsend sways as though she were about to fall, but steadies herself by the back of a chair; tries to speak but no sound will come; presses her handkerchief to her lips and stands motionless staring at Philip, who sinks into a chair beside Kennedy's desk, and buries his face in his arms. He is shaken by dry sobs.*

*(Shakes her head, tears gathering in her eyes)*  
I don't understand! *(Then a sudden thought comes to her; she seizes it feverishly)* It's all a mistake! Judge Rand, you don't understand! He's sacrificing himself to save someone else — to save his father!

*Judge Rand shakes his head.*

You don't know how he adores his father! He believes in him! *You see, I never told him!* *(She comes closer to the Judge)* Question him, you'll find I'm right.

JUDGE RAND.

Dear friend —

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You won't believe me? Then I'll question him myself. *(To Philip)* Philip, tell me the truth?

PHILIP.

Oh, mother, for God's sake!

JUDGE RAND.

Mrs. Townsend, Philip has admitted his guilt, and we have witnesses here who have proved it. (*Indicating Jennie Nolan*) Jennie, herself will tell you.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Seeing Jennie for the first time*) Jennie!

JENNIE.

(*Rising and coming swiftly to her*) Oh, Mrs. Townsend, 'twasn't me that told! — 'twasn't me! I'd have died before I'd have told, soon as I knew he was *your* son! Honest to God I would!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Then it is true!

TOWNSEND.

(*Stepping forward*) Yes; and it is also true that Judge Rand will do nothing to save him. The case must come to trial. Philip will receive the full sentence required by law. Perhaps you —

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*To Judge Rand*) Is this true?

JUDGE RAND.

Yes.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

You are going to send him to prison?



*Judge Rand makes a gesture of helplessness.*

*(Crosses to Philip; lays her hand upon his head)* He can't go, Judge! He can't go! Miserable, guilty as he is, he is still my boy! I can't let him go! *(Kneels beside him, drawing his head upon her breast)*

*Tom Massey makes a warning gesture to the Judge, and takes a step forward; the Judge motions him back, nodding his head to assure him that he will not weaken.*

Why don't you speak? I know what you will say! That I was willing enough to sacrifice another woman's son! May God forgive me, so I was! But I can't sacrifice my own!

JUDGE RAND.

Wait — listen!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Rapidly, incoherently)* He has never had a chance! Oh, you were right and I was wrong! I see it all now, when it's too late! His childhood, his youth have been poisoned at the very sources of life! *(Shuddering)* He has breathed an atmosphere of corruption ever since he was born! But I'll take him away, if you'll give him one more chance!

JUDGE RAND.

*(Deeply moved)* Elizabeth, don't make it so hard for me.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Of course it is hard for you! Fancy *you* condemning *my* boy to five years in prison! No! No! You couldn't do it! He'll pay the penalty in some other way! But not that — not that!

PHILIP.

(*Pushing his mother away gently*) Mother!  
(*Rises*) You don't understand; I'm beginning to. I've been a dog and a beast and you never knew it! How should you? (*With a gesture towards his father*) And I've always been able to shirk my punishment till this time! But the Judge is right! (*To Judge Rand*) I'm ready, sir. You'll give a square deal!

JUDGE RAND.

You can trust me for that, Philip.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Breaking down*) Oh, Philip, Philip!  
(*Philip takes her in his arms*) Mother!  
Mother!!

JUDGE RAND.

(*To Tom Massey*) Wait outside, Massey.  
(*To Stenographer, motioning to door*) Johnson.

*Jennie Nolan rises; Tom Massey crosses and takes her hand, with a few whispered words;*

*they go to the door R., bowing to the Judge as they pass. Stenographer gathers up his papers and exits.*

TOWNSEND.

*(To his wife)* I'll go and see what can be done with the papers. We may be able to keep it out of them.

*She assents with a gesture. Holds out his hand to Philip.*

PHILIP.

*(Ignoring it)* Don't.

TOWNSEND.

If you want me, you have only to send for me, you know.

PHILIP.

*(Philip nods)*  
*Exit Townsend.*

JUDGE RAND.

*(To Mrs. Townsend)* My dear friend, courage! Courage! Who knows but out of this hour of despair better things will be born?

MRS. TOWNSEND.

*(Looking up, drying her eyes)* You mean —

JUDGE RAND.

I mean that just now I saw a look in Philip's face I have never seen there before.

THE FULL PENALTY

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Questioningly*) A look?

JUDGE RAND.

A look of suffering that for the first time proclaimed him to be *your* son. A look of determination to expiate his fault, of courage to pay the price of his sin.

*Mrs. Townsend looks at him questioningly.*

PHILIP.

(*In whisper*) Yes, mother; yes.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

Then take him, Judge! Give him the *full penalty!* Who knows, perhaps it is the only way!

PHILIP.

(*Holding out his arms*) Good-bye.

MRS. TOWNSEND.

(*Clasping him close for an instant*) My prayers will be with you day and night!

PHILIP.

Mother!

MRS. TOWNSEND.

When it is over — and the years will pass, they will pass — I shall be waiting for you.

CURTAIN FALLS.







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